Commentary
October 2001

Oslo: The Peacemongers Return

Norman Podhoretz

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Advertising and the Informed Patient

Merrill Matthews Jr., Ph.D.

Sometimes the benefits of freedom of speech are best seen in the little things. Take direct-to-consumer (DTC) drug advertising, for example.

Increasingly, patients and healthcare consumers want access to information. One recent survey found that more than 50 percent of adults who go on the Web use it for healthcare information.

Advertising is only a vehicle for getting information to potential customers. With respect to prescription drugs, it may be the most cost effective way to reach people with information about widespread medical conditions and new drugs to treat them.

In the United States, DTC drug advertising has been growing by leaps and bounds. In less than a decade, it has increased from $55 million (1991) to $1.8 billion (1999).

U.S. consumers appear to like the fact that pharmaceutical companies are reaching out directly to them. According to a recent survey by the federal Food and Drug Administration:

- 51 percent of respondents who had seen a doctor in the last three months said that a prescription drug ad caused them to look for more information about the drug.
- And 72 percent rejected the notion that prescription drug advertisements made it seem that a doctor wasn't needed to decide if a drug was right for them.

As a result of this information outreach people with medical conditions – many of whom simply decided to live with the condition since they had no idea an effective treatment existed – are now seeking care. And they're getting relief.

However, most European countries and Canada either prohibit or severely limit such advertising. As a result of these restrictions on speech, Europeans and Canadians are effectively being excluded from the healthcare information revolution that is going on in the United States.

> ***Increasingly, patients and healthcare consumers want access to information***

Critics of DTC advertising claim that it increases total healthcare spending, which is one reason why countries with government-funded healthcare systems restrict such ads.

It is true that total healthcare spending may go up, but there is nothing wrong with that if people are getting treated for medical conditions that had gone undiagnosed. Is it better to leave people with treatable medical conditions untreated and in pain because a government or insurance company doesn't want people to know there is a cure?

Some critics also contend that advertising makes drugs more expensive. But such concerns reveal a lack of understanding about the effect of advertising. In a competitive market, advertising can – and should – lower costs by expanding consumer awareness and increasing sales, lowering the fixed costs per consumer.

The drug industry is very competitive; no drug company has more than 5 to 6 percent of the worldwide pharmaceutical market. The fact is that in a competitive market, drug companies cannot just add the cost of advertising to the price of their products because they could lose market share.

Just consider that among the top 50 prescription drugs advertised DTC in the U.S. in 1999:

- Three were oral antihistamines for allergies.
- Four were inhaled respiratory steroids.
- Three were oral diabetes medications.
- Three were antiarthritic drugs.

The growing level of competition forces drug companies to keep prices down. For example, the first prescription antidepressant was released in 1988. All of the subsequent antidepressants were launched at a lower price than the original drug, indicating an attempt to gain market share. Thus competition led to more choices and lower prices.

A generation ago physicians were the possessors of all medical information. Patients went to physicians and accepted evaluations and diagnoses almost without question. Today, things are very different. Increasingly, healthcare is shifting from a physician-directed system to a patient-directed one. And direct-to-consumer pharmaceutical ads are a response to the transitional process, not the cause of it.

People want access to medical information, and DTC drug ads are one source of that information. Prohibiting or severely restricting such ads means that people who could be treated will continue to suffer, and may face more extensive medical problems when they finally do enter the healthcare system.

Dr. Merrill Matthews Jr. is a visiting scholar with the Institute for Policy Innovation (www.ipi.org) in Dallas, Texas. This article is based on his new study, "Who's Afraid of Pharmaceutical Advertising?", which is available from IPI (+(972) 874-5139 or info@ipi.org).

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Commentary
October 2001

Letters from Readers

Sanctions

To the Editor:

In their much-publicized article, "Shopping with Saddam Hussein" [July-August], Gary Milhollin and Kelly Motz display a remarkably simplistic and somewhat disingenuous approach to the ongoing efforts to circumvent UN economic sanctions. There is no doubt that these sanctions are violated almost at will by Iraq in order to obtain material that would otherwise be denied under the existing embargo. Yet it is a somewhat fantastic leap to say, as the authors do, that any UN inspection regime, including the recently collapsed "smart sanctions" advanced by the United States and Great Britain, would have "little hope of stopping the Iraqis from sneaking in what they need to rebuild their weapons sites and sneaking out the oil to pay for it."

To justify this bold assessment, the authors claim that "even when the UN inspection regime was in place, the Iraqis had already figured out how to do just that." But the fact is that the inspectors from the United Nations Special Commission (UNSCOM) had implemented an extremely effective mechanism for tracking and monitoring Iraq's clandestine procurement efforts.

The critical fact is that none of the numerous transactions cited by the authors was conducted in violation of relevant UN resolutions. With the exception of the foiled endeavor by Wi'am Gharbiah to bring in Russian ballistic-missile components in 1995 (and even in that case the evidence points to a rogue operation rather than one orchestrated by the Iraqi government), Iraq was not prohibited from possessing any of the material in question, so long as it had been disclosed under the provisions of Resolution 715 (ongoing monitoring and verification) or 1051 (export-import control) prior to arrival in the country. And all items were indeed declared to UNSCOM within the required reporting period.

From 1995 through 1998, as a weapons inspector for UNSCOM, I ran a series of counterproliferation operations known collectively as Operation Tea Cup. The interception of Gharbiah's shipment in Jordan was the first, and most public, manifestation of this operation, and only UNSCOM, with its strong intelligence relationship with friendly governments, could have pulled it off. For nearly three years, Operation Tea Cup yielded similarly impressive gains, terminating a contract for a glass-lined reactor suitable for both civilian and military activity and tracking down other equipment useful in chemical production processes.

In September 1997, in cooperation with Israeli intelligence, I traveled to Kiev to meet with the head of the Joint Intelligence Center/National Security and Defense Council of Ukraine for the express purpose of investigating the activities of Yuri Orshansky, a figure mentioned by the authors. Although they contend, without any supporting evidence, that Orshansky delivered goods to Iraq subsequent to a series of protocols signed in 1995-1996, my investigation showed the exact opposite: no material brokered by Orshansky or anybody else was delivered to Iraq from Ukraine. I put more faith in my factually supported findings than in the speculative musings of Gary Milhollin and Kelly Motz.

But creative interpretation seems to be their modus operandi. Take the following passage:

> Before being forced out in 1998, the UN inspectors compiled a series of confidential reports detailing what they knew about Iraq's foreign suppliers. . . . What

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they recount is an ongoing effort to build weapons of mass destruction.

These reports, in truth, recount no such thing. While the many inspections exposed the leakage of the sanctions regime, nothing was discovered that could point to an effort to rebuild Iraq's weapons of mass destruction.

My reading of these documents provides a much more realistic assessment. Take, for instance, the report of the combined Missile/Export-Import team inspecting the Karama State Establishment (Iraq's major ballistic-missile facility) on May 27, 1997. During this inspection, Dr. Hamid Khalil Ibrahim, a leading Iraqi missile scientist, told the team that no foreign goods had been received since May 1996. The team then asked Dr. Hamid (as he was known familiarly) about precision machine tools that Iraq had declared to UNSCOM in December 1996. These tools, of Italian manufacture, did not fall under the technical specifications set forth in Resolution 1051, and so were deemed legitimate (despite having been brought into Iraq in violation of sanctions). The same held true for seven boxes of production tools (of Romanian origin) for gyroscopes, and a British-made grinding machine.

The inspection was conducted in a very thorough manner, and concluded as follows: "No proscribed activity or details were observed." This phrase is repeated throughout the documents UNSCOM produced concerning Iraq's compliance with its obligations under the Ongoing Monitoring and Verification (OMV) plan. In fact, since the implementation of Resolution 1051, the inspectors uncovered not a single example of proscribed export-import activity. How Gary Milhollin and Kelly Motz can assert the contrary escapes me.

None of this is to deny today's harsh reality that goods are pouring through the defunct, and discredited, regime of economic sanctions. Is Iraq using the oil-for-food program to support such activity? Of course it is. One of the last major operations I carried out under Tea Cup was aimed at disrupting efforts to obtain ballistic-missile technology and production capabilities from Aerofina, a Romanian military-industrial company. In the end, none of the activity turned out to be of a proscribed nature, but intercepted conversations between the Iraqi team, headed by Dr. Hamid, and his Romanian intermediary pointedly referred to the oil-for-food program as a means of facilitating the transfer of goods from Romania. He said: "We would use the oil-for-food agreement. The Jordanians don't ask why, so we could call it 'electrical parts for sewage system,' 'pumps for irrigation,' 'coolers for water pumps,' 'machine tools,' 'instrumentation for pipelines,' or 'raw materials.'"

Clearly, then, the Iraqis were, and probably still are, violating the economic sanctions by misrepresenting goods as part of the so-called humanitarian relief effort. But such violations do not automatically translate into schemes for acquiring weapons of mass destruction; in linking the two, Gary Milhollin and Kelly Motz are mixing apples and oranges. Nor does the failure of one program (sanctions) automatically translate into the failure of another (inspections). In fact, the history of UNSCOM's work shows just the opposite: despite the failure of the sanctions regime, inspectors were able to keep a tight lid on Iraq's ability to rebuild its past prohibited programs.

Unfortunately, on-site inspections have been tossed into the garbage heap by those U.S. policy-makers who seek not the disarmament of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction but rather the removal of Iraq's president. It was the mixing of these two disparate objectives that ultimately condemned UNSCOM, and their continued mixing ensures that the United Nations Monitoring and Verification Inspection Commission, UNSCOM's predecessor, will never be allowed back on the job. Yet the fact is that inspections did, and can, work.

If the authors were sincere, they would try to help formulate a policy that might result in a resumption of inspection activity. That they chose instead to denigrate the process by distorting facts shows that they are motivated by concerns other than nonproliferation. This is a shame, and does a grave disservice to a cause they purport to champion.

SCOTT RITTER
Delmar, New York

GARY MILHOLLIN and KELLY MOTZ write:

Scott Ritter both misunderstands our article and makes a series of claims that are patently false.

Mr. Ritter begins by stating that none of the secret missile deals we described was "in violation of relevant UN resolutions." He also contends that "Iraq was not prohibited from possessing any of the material in question" as long as it was declared to the United Nations.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. UN Security Council Resolution 661 barred the sale to Iraq by any nation of "any commodities or products," with only two exceptions: "supplies intended strictly for medical purposes, and . . . foodstuffs." Resolution 661 was passed in 1990 and was in force when the deals we described were carried out. Does Mr. Ritter believe that gyroscopes and other missile-guidance components are food? Or medicine? Does he think that Saddam Hussein bought them to make sandwiches or bandages?

Missile parts are also munitions—that is, arms. As such, they are also barred from sale to Iraq by UN Security Council Resolution 687, adopted in 1991 and in force during the period we discussed. Resolution 687 not only bans the sale of "arms and related . . . components" to Iraq, it bans even the "promotion or facilitation" of such sales. There is no question that both Resolution 661 and Resolution 687 expressly forbade the deals we described. As a former UN inspector, Mr. Ritter must know that.

That Iraq was not prohibited from possessing any of the imported material is also false: the illegal status of the import followed the goods into the country. Mr. Ritter tries to obscure this point by claiming that Iraq "declared" all the items it illegally imported. He is misleading the reader: in fact, Iraq declared its secret im-

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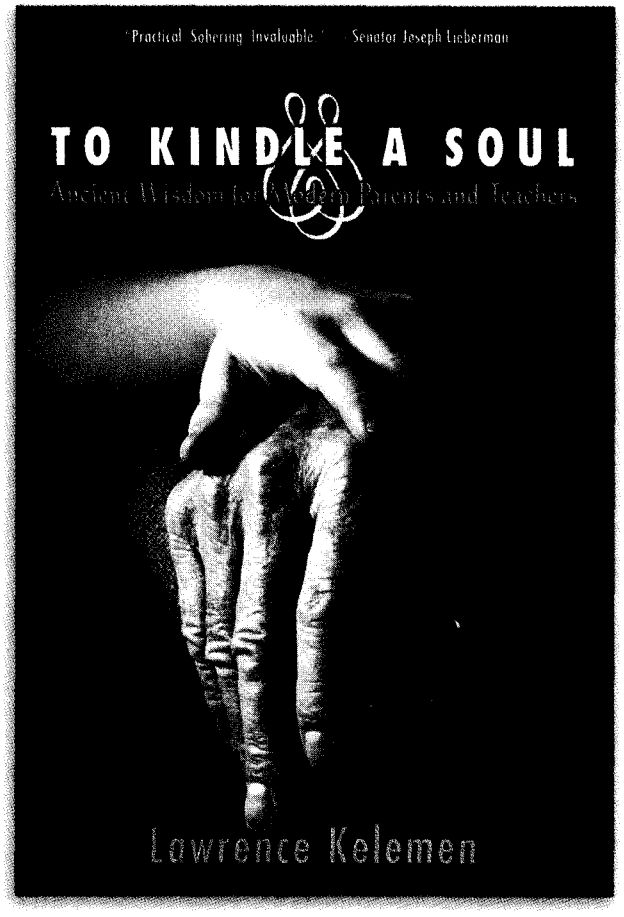

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ports only after the UN inspectors had discovered them independently. Seized Iraqi documents make it clear that Iraq intentionally did not declare illegally imported items, "in order to avoid problems." This, too, Mr. Ritter should know perfectly well.

Citing secret missile contracts with the Romanian company Aerofina, Mr. Ritter claims that none of Aerofina's deals with Iraq "turned out to be of a proscribed nature." Yet Aerofina agreed to supply missile-engine parts, gyroscopes for missile guidance, the tools and equipment needed to produce these items, and the equipment needed to test them. Iraq claimed that these purchases were made for short-range missiles, which it is permitted to develop on its own. The crucial fact, however, is that a total arms embargo under Resolution 687 is still in effect on the sale of any missile parts to Iraq—whether for short- or long-range missiles. Thus Mr. Ritter is wrong again: the Aerofina deals were indeed "proscribed." They were proscribed when they occurred, and they are proscribed today.

In his letter, Mr. Ritter himself admits that Iraq violated the UN sanctions "almost at will." How he can say that and simultaneously assert that no UN resolutions were being violated is something only he understands.

Mr. Ritter takes considerable pains to argue that none of the goods brokered by Yuri Orshansky, a Ukrainian middleman, was actually delivered. As a criticism of our article, this is disingenuous. We ourselves pointed out that the UN inspectors were "unable to find any of the equipment" they suspected Orshansky of brokering. What we did say was that, in interviews with us, the inspectors offered two possible explanations for this outcome: either Iraq bought the equipment and hid it for future use, or Iraq may have been only shopping and comparing prices. We deemed the latter possibility unlikely after so many trips, so much consultation, and so many contracts for specific items. We think it more likely that secret imports from Ukraine are helping Iraq rearm today.

Perhaps Mr. Ritter's most surprising assertion is that "nothing was discovered [by the UN inspectors] that could point to an effort to rebuild Iraq's weapons of mass destruction." Mr. Ritter himself, while a UN inspector, went to great lengths to penetrate Iraq's elaborate system of concealment and deception, which employed thousands of persons with no other purpose than to hide Iraq's efforts to acquire weapons of mass destruction. His present claim is contradicted by his own experience.

There is little doubt that Iraq is still concealing its weapon programs. The strongest evidence is its refusal to admit UN inspectors. This refusal is causing the continuation of the trade embargo, which in turn is costing billions in lost oil revenue. Saddam Hussein obviously thinks that concealing his weapons is more important than feeding his population.

It is untrue that we "denigrate" the inspection process, as Mr. Ritter accuses us of doing. We think the best outcome in Iraq would be to have fully empowered inspectors return and complete the job of disarmament. Unfortunately, the UN's effort to monitor Iraq's imports was never intended to stop illegal sales, and was never effective in doing so. Instead, it was established to allow Iraq to import dual-use goods and to insure that they were used for legitimate purposes. Now that the inspectors are gone, Iraq is free to use its imports, legal or illegal, for any purpose it wishes.

Finally, Mr. Ritter seems to be confused about which government is responsible for getting UN inspections—in his words—"tossed into the garbage heap." By attacking the U.S., he is fingering the wrong culprit; the Iraqi government is solely responsible for prohibiting the return of inspectors. Worse, by blaming the U.S., Mr. Ritter is implicitly condoning Iraq's continued flouting of UN resolutions. This curious stance, when added to his other invalid claims, leads one to wonder whose side he is really on.

Charitable Choice

TO THE EDITOR:

Exactly what part of "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion" does Leslie Lenkowsky not understand ["Funding the Faithful: Why Bush is Right," June]?

The First Amendment does not grant exceptions for funding really good causes. Nor does it say, "Congress cannot, but the President can." Anyone who continues to support faith-based and community initiatives is directly contradicting both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution.

Mr. Lenkowsky should also note that religious organizations already enjoy a government-granted (if constitutionally shaky) financial benefit: they do not pay taxes. Why do they need more breaks?

PHIL BRUCATO
Marietta, Georgia

TO THE EDITOR:

With the support of the Ford Foundation, I am currently studying states' efforts to implement the charitable-choice provisions of welfare reform, so I read "Funding the Faithful: Why Bush is Right" with considerable interest.

Despite the fact that I spent six years as head of the Indiana ACLU, I do not disagree with Mr. Lenkowsky: contracting with faith-based organizations is constitutional, although—as he acknowledges—the devil is in the details. Indeed, despite his claim that existing laws have "prevented religious organizations from taking a seat at the table," such organizations have been partners with government for decades.

As long ago as 1965, a survey of religious entities in 21 states found 70 percent involved in some type of contract with government. In 1982, a study of Protestant social-service agencies in one Midwestern city found that roughly half their combined budgets came from government. In 1994, two years before passage of charitable-choice legislation, Catholic Charities USA received nearly 65 percent of its budget from government. Jewish and Lutheran social services, the Sal-

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vation Army, the YMCA—all have a long history of providing tax-supported government services. If these aren't faith-based, how are we defining the term?

The question is not whether government should cooperate with faith communities—it always has and, presuming the continuing vitality of both the religious sector and the equal-protection doctrine, it always will. The Bush initiative raises more difficult questions, several of which Mr. Lenkowsky notes. Is it fair (or constitutional) to use public dollars to fund jobs available only to people who can pass a religious test? Will increased competition for government funds among congregations undermine the hard-won interreligious civility fostered by the separation of church and state? Can government monitor fiscal and constitutional compliance by smaller organizations without undue intrusion? Will small organizations become dependent on government funding, and thus co-opted, muting their "prophetic voice"? Will compliance with reporting requirements divert resources from the delivery of services?

Charitable choice and the President's initiative both presume, among other things, the existence of untapped resources in faith communities—a highly contestable claim. But if there are not significant additional resources, if faith organizations have not really been excluded, and if there is no evidence of effectiveness one way or the other, why the initiative?

I think Mr. Lenkowsky answers that question when he describes the "distinctive" element of these measures as their "unabashedly moral tone." If the poor are poor because they are morally defective, if they need the transformation of values that religion can supply, then emphasizing faith makes perfect sense. Whether it makes good public policy is another question.

SHEILA SUESS KENNEDY
Indiana University-Purdue University
Indianapolis, Indiana

TO THE EDITOR:

Leslie Lenkowsky, writing of President Bush's proposal to support faith-based charities, tells us that "attacks have come from both the Left and the Right, though of course for different reasons."

I oppose the policy for two reasons, one from the Left, the other from the Right. My reason from the Left is that, unlike Mr. Lenkowsky, I do not think that "belonging to a religious group or praying regularly has a positive impact on health, family stability, and other aspects of personal well-being." A front-page story in the May 21 *New York Times*, "Bible Belt Couples 'Put Asunder' More, Despite New Efforts," reports higher-than-average divorce rates in the Bible Belt, as well as higher-than-average rates of unmarried couples living together. Furthermore, crime rates are often higher among members of minority groups that are more religiously observant.

My reason from the Right is that in democratic countries where there is a state religion—England and Sweden, for example—rates of attendance at religious services are lower than in countries where there is separation of church and state (like the United States and Poland). States that are officially secular are good for religion.

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ
College of Staten Island
Staten Island, New York

TO THE EDITOR:

Leslie Lenkowsky omits discussion of many practical issues. Which government agency will check on whether faith-based charities are complying with regulations? Will some bureaucrat review each charitable endeavor? Or do we expect receivers of these funds to report when their organization is breaking the law and trying to convert someone to a different religion?

Speaking generally and positively about faith-based endeavors is easy; drawing the lines on compliance is not.

JERRY STEINMAN
West Nyack, New York

TO THE EDITOR:

Proponents of charitable choice have argued that it is possible to fund a faith-based homeless shelter legally and effectively by insisting that government funds be used to "pay for the beds, not the bibles." Such a Maginot line is, however, extremely hard to sustain, especially when staff, facilities, and funds flow in and among organizations.

For faith-based organizations, keeping some separation from government is clearly desirable. Many churches have already set up "independent" social-service organizations in order to protect their religious work from too much government oversight. This solution may work for a while, but if the amount of public funds increases in coming years, religious organizations may be forced either to cut themselves off from the delivery of services or to reduce the religious content of their programs.

Right now, churches are exempt from the IRS requirement that all nonprofit organizations with revenues over $25,000 disclose in minute detail their revenues and expenses. Assuming again that churches and their related agencies begin to receive increased government funding, fewer will enjoy such an exemption. Moreover, some of the larger programs will surely come to fall under the audit requirement affecting agencies that receive a total of $300,000 in direct and indirect government funds. This will be a rude shock indeed.

Given all this, the most compelling argument in favor of experimenting with faith-based organizations comes down to the value of pluralism. Funding the faithful is a sensible policy option because it affirms the need for multiple and competing approaches to the resolution of difficult human problems like homelessness and drug abuse. As Leslie Lenkowsky cogently reminds us, the evidence supporting experimentation with secular social programs in the 1960's and 1970's was just as weak as what is on offer today in the case of faith-based programs. If we were not constrained then, we should not feel constrained now—especially since the amount of money involved is comparatively small, even under the most ambitious scenarios.

Instead of wishing and waiting for data that do not exist, why not throw a few new, "faithful" darts at the board and see if any hit the bull's-eye? While a fair

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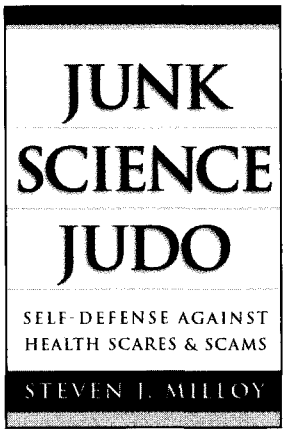

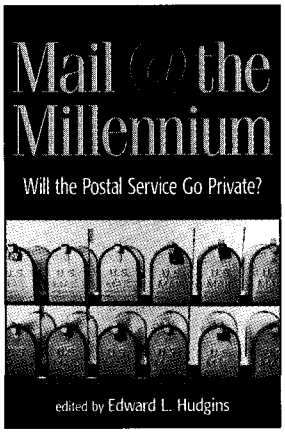

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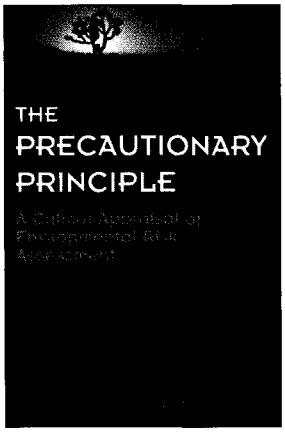

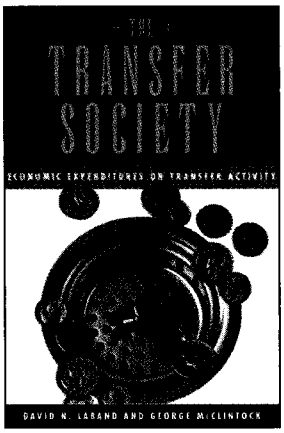

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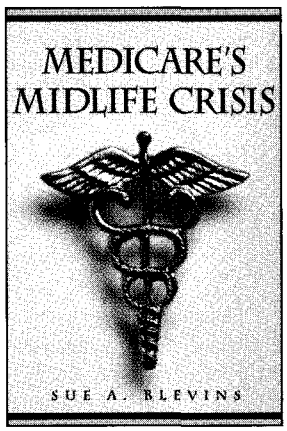

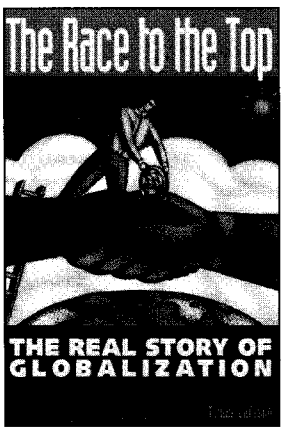

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amount of inefficiency may be involved in this process, it may also lead to important new insights about how to solve difficult social problems. Almost everyone, I think, can agree that this would be a good outcome.

PETER FRUMKIN
John F. Kennedy School of Government
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR:

In examining the opposition to the President's faith-based initiative, Leslie Lenkowsky shows that none of the proffered objections is very convincing on its merits. This leads him to conclude that the tension surrounding the President's plan has to do with its "unabashedly moral tone . . . [that is] a throwback to an era when the nation's charities were concerned not just about the material circumstances of those they helped but about their character and behavior as well."

Extending this conclusion, one may note that most Americans agree with Bush that immoral behavior contributes to poverty. According to the General Social Survey, at least 75 percent of adults consistently point to things like drunkenness as important causes of poverty, and more than 90 percent of Americans point to a lack of effort by the poor themselves.

On the other hand, many Americans also tend to believe that poverty is caused by structural barriers, including changes in the labor market or society's failure to provide good schools. It would even appear that the President agrees with them: his budget has increased financial support for important anti-poverty agencies, and spending on Temporary Assistance to Needy Families (cash welfare to poor parents and children) is scheduled to remain unchanged at more than $15 billion despite the substantial decline in the welfare rolls since 1993. The administration's commitment to these existing agencies and programs has been lost in media coverage, which tends to paint the faith-based initiative as a vehicle for gutting anti-poverty programs.

In any case, it would appear that opposition to this initiative, just as Mr. Lenkowsky suggests, has little to do with helping the poor, protecting the Constitution, or upholding civil-rights laws. Rather, what has evolved is yet another battle in an ongoing culture war in which concern for special interests and partisan politics trumps the needs of poor Americans.

DAVID A. REINGOLD
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

LESLIE LENKOWSKY writes:

If it winds up doing nothing else, President Bush's "faith-based and community initiative" will be noteworthy for having prompted more discussion of the role of religion—and religious organizations—in public life than we have enjoyed for some time. The need for such discussion is apparent in several of these letters.

Phil Brucato, for example, seems to be unaware that the meaning of "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion" has been the subject of considerable interpretation throughout American history. For the past several decades, at least, both Congress and the Supreme Court have become more inclined to allow public support for activities occurring within a religious environment. The issue posed by President Bush's program is what the proper limits of this support should be, not whether it is permissible at all.

Mr. Brucato also seems to be unfamiliar with what follows the First Amendment clause he quotes: ". . . or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Here lies the very solid constitutional basis for exempting religious groups from taxation.

George Jochnowitz infers from the high rates of divorce in the "Bible Belt" that religion is not as socially and personally beneficial as I assert. But anyone who has taken an elementary statistics class will recognize this as an example of the "ecological fallacy": the error of drawing conclusions about particular individuals from the characteristics of large groups to which they belong. In fact, numerous studies have shown that people who worship regularly tend to have more stable marriages, be healthier, commit less crime, and do better in other ways (though there is a legitimate question as to whether their religious activity is the cause or just one important element in a balanced way of life).

As Mr. Jochnowitz correctly points out, people who live in countries with state churches are not as religiously observant as Americans are. But unless he believes that the White House is aiming to create an established religion (which the First Amendment would seem to make impossible), the relevance of this to the Bush-administration program is dubious.

Not even my academic colleague Sheila Suess Kennedy, a longtime civil libertarian, fears that public funding of religious groups would breach the Establishment Clause. Where she disagrees with me (and the White House) is over what kinds of faith-based groups deserve support.

In August, the Bush administration released a long-awaited report on funding for faith-based and community organizations through federal social-service programs. The report documented a pattern of minuscule support for smaller, "neighborhood-based" charities. The most likely explanation: a variety of barriers, some legal and regulatory, others procedural and attitudinal, built into the federal grant-making process.

Some religious groups have been able to overcome these barriers, sometimes by downplaying the degree to which they are, in fact, faith-based. (The White House report notes that Habitat for Humanity, a self-described "nonprofit, ecumenical Christian organization," has been so successful at this that the Department of Housing and Urban Development does not officially regard it as a religious group.) But others, especially those relying on a strong spiritual and moral basis for their services, seem to be having a much harder time.

Sheila Suess Kennedy believes that reaching out to these latter groups is unnecessary and would not be good public policy. But others, including my correspondents David A. Reingold, who has been studying the needs of welfare

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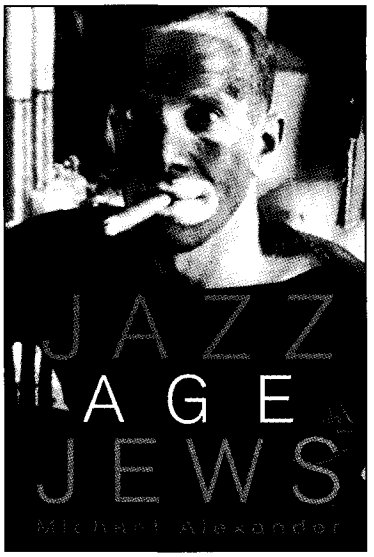

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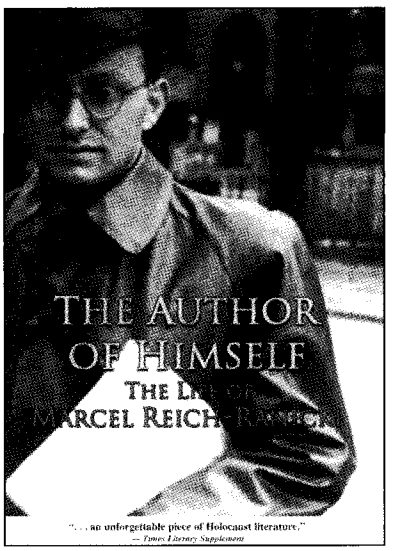

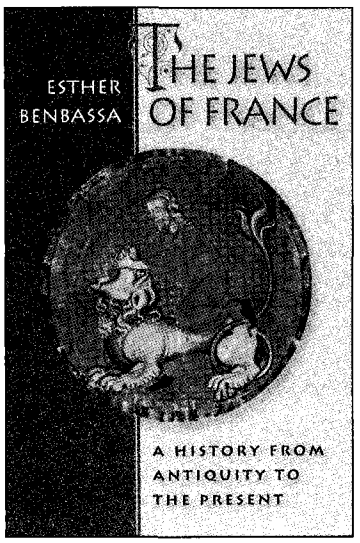

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recipients, and Peter Frumkin, who has been examining the less-than-inspiring record of current federal social-service providers, disagree. At the very least, some experimentation would seem to be in order.

To be sure, as Jerry Steinman notes, funding faith-based groups raises a variety of administrative issues. But we have dealt with many of them already, and it is easy to exaggerate their relevance to the debate over the Bush administration's program. Thus, as the House of Representatives was considering a bill incorporating key elements of the White House initiative, it was reported that the Salvation Army was insisting, as a condition of its support, that federal rules be changed to protect faith-based groups receiving public funds from local laws mandating that they provide health and other benefits to homosexual couples. Whether or not the Salvation Army was right to do so, the point lost in the ensuing controversy was that these local laws affect the organization even without any White House initiative.

If the discussion of federal funding for faith-based groups is to shed light as well as heat, let alone help hard-pressed charities that are doing important work, it is essential that we get the facts right.

Israel

TO THE EDITOR:

In "A Jerusalem Diary" [May], Yaacov Lozowick tells the sad story of an Israeli Jew who was shot while walking his dog. But both sides have more than enough sad stories. Repeating them only obscures the underlying cause of the conflict—the land. It is for the land that people die.

Mr. Lozowick states that the Israeli government has been dismantling its settlements since the 1993 Oslo Accords. Why then did I recently see a slide show presenting advertisements for new apartments in the West Bank and Gaza? When Palestinians witness new buildings erected daily, their desperation and rage only increase.

Mr. Lozowick also portrays Ariel Sharon's September 2000 visit to the Temple Mount so innocuously as to bear no resemblance to the actual event. He fails to mention the hundreds of soldiers accompanying Sharon, and states that the Palestinian Authority approved the visit, when in fact the Palestinians in charge of security of the Mount urged him not to come. And then Mr. Lozowick concludes, "The visit was uneventful." Uneventful? It was only the beginning of the second *intifada*.

By far the most disappointing entry in Mr. Lozowick's diary is his meager attempt to feel empathy for Muhammad, the twelve-year-old Palestinian caught in the cross-fire at Netzarim. He pleads for the Israeli soldiers who could not "have had any idea there was a child there," while blaming the French cameraman for not warning away the Palestinians who were firing at the Israeli sentries. Mr. Lozowick uses the maudlin term "lonely outpost" to describe Netzarim, where Muhammad died, obscuring the underlying reason for the conflict—that Netzarim is an Israeli settlement, built on land seized in the 1967 war. According to the Geneva Conventions, which Israel signed, this land is mandated to be returned. The settlements are the instigation and provocation for the *intifada*.

Finally, and inexplicably, Mr. Lozowick criticizes his friend Arthur for saying that Ariel Sharon has committed war crimes. But Arthur is right. Sharon is not exonerated by pointing to the blood on Yasir Arafat's hands. The crimes of one man do not make acceptable the crimes of another. Perhaps Mr. Lozowick's desire for "security" has caused him, like so many other Israelis, to abandon his moral compass.

ANNIQUE CAPLAN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR:

Among the more incomprehensible aspects of Israeli culture is the bitter animosity directed toward the "settlers"—perhaps the most idealistic and patriotic sector of the population, a group that other nations would treasure, honor, and fully support. These brave people, who risk (and frequently lose) their lives on the frontiers to protect the land, water resources, and defenses of the nation, are regularly portrayed in Israel itself as, in Yaacov Lozowick's words, "the evil, brutal edge of Israeli society, their avarice for Palestinian land having provided the spark that led to the entire conflict." It is gratifying to see that many Israeli doves like Mr. Lozowick have finally come to the realization that it is not the settlements but the very existence of Israel that the Arabs object to.

GEORGE E. RUBIN
New York City

YAACOV LOZOWICK writes:

How to respond to Annique Caplan? Would refuting her letter point by point achieve anything? Basking in her moral superiority over my countrymen and myself, is she even listening? Better, perhaps, to say that on two major points we agree, though not quite in the way she intends.

First, there was indeed nothing innocuous about Sharon's visit to the Temple Mount. The fact that he required hundreds of policemen for a mere fifteen-minute walk on a platform built in ancient times by Jews and for Jews indicates the degree to which the Palestinians violently reject our right to our own identity, even after eight years of a "peace process."

Secondly, as she correctly notes, "it is for the land that people die." Indeed it is: all of the land, from sea to desert. As the historian Efraim Karsh so depressingly records in "The Palestinians and the 'Right of Return'" [May], our neighbors still seem to be striving for the destruction of Zionism and the Jewish state, one way or another, and in pursuit of this goal are willing for people on both sides to die. Would that it were otherwise.

George E. Rubin may be harsher on many Israelis than they deserve. The portrayal of settlers as "the evil, brutal edge of Israeli society" is a specialty of the European, and to a degree, the American, media. Israelis, even of the far Left, rarely make such foolish statements, if only because they tend to remember that the

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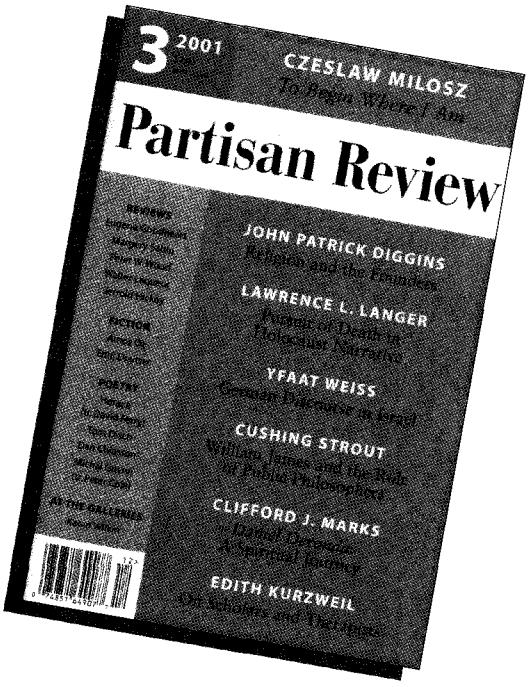
IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF *PARTISAN REVIEW*:

"The journalistic writer is a person who fights with his pen against something or someone. We know at least several thousand good literary works which were written against someone, and perhaps that, in fact, is the reason why they are good and have endured. Even Dante derived great pleasure from placing his enemies in Hell."

– Czeslaw Milosz
from To Begin Where I Am
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux)



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conflict with the Arabs long precedes the building of today's settlements. Instead, they have tended to reproach the settlers for prolonging this conflict at a time when the Palestinians might have been willing to end it. Today, that dream having been destroyed, I see no rise in political support for the settlers' enterprise, although their suffering has brought them back into the national fold.

The Census

TO THE EDITOR:

Tamar Jacoby's writing on race is always interesting and, what is rare in the field, well-intentioned ["An End to Counting by Race?" June]. But, however well intentioned, it is simply wishful thinking to reason from problems caused by the Census Bureau's clumsy and politicized racial categories to "an end to counting by race."

People who told the Census that they are multiracial—in absolute terms, still a small number—were not thereby indicating that they have moved into some sort of post-racial beatific state. They were claiming to be mestizos, mulattoes, Eurasians, or any of a number of other exquisite refinements familiar, and critically important, in multiracial societies. Americans are simply not familiar with these refinements because their history has been essentially one of black and white. They are about to learn.

Tamar Jacoby writes optimistically of the emergence of a "new multiracial or 'mestizo' order in the United States." But what is more likely to emerge is a Latin American-style caste system, running the spectrum from a white/yellow upper class to a black/brown lower class. Identity politics will not disappear, as she hopes. There will simply be more identities. Some individuals may well reflect new interracial combinations, as the Cape Colored do in South Africa today. But none will need the Census Bureau to tell them who they are. And these new identities will bring more, not less, communal conflict, quite possibly leading to Latin American-style authoritarian government.

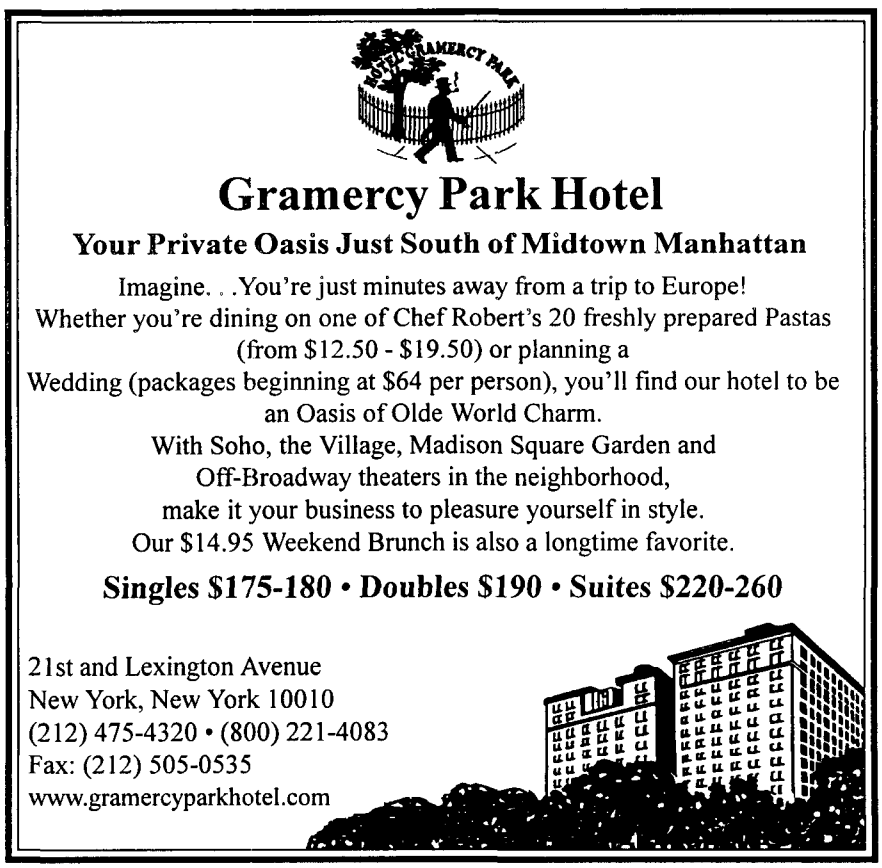
The amazing thing, unmentioned by the author, is that this is all the result of public policy—specifically, the 1965 Immigration Act, which reignited mass immigration after a four-decade lull and skewed it to people from a handful of third-world countries. The labor-market competition intensified by this relatively unskilled flow is one reason for the problems of America's blacks, the persistence of which she notes with puzzlement. The only certain result of our post-1965 policy is the political disestablishment of whites—the very group that, at the time when they defeated Hitler in 1945, the rest of the world knew as "Americans."

PETER BRIMELOW
Editor
vdare.com
Washington, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR:

When Tamar Jacoby cites the clause that "counted a black man as only three-fifths of a person" as evidence that "the U.S. Constitution has always been entangled with questions of race," she lazily adopts a reading of that document that conflates blacks with slaves. If she had gone back to the source, she would not have fallen into error. According to Article I, Section 2, representation and direct taxes are to be apportioned by adding the number of free persons (including prisoners and indentured servants), subtracting Indians not taxed, and then adding "three fifths of all other Persons."

The three-fifths clause, in other words, deals with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status rather than race. Indeed, the framers delicately refrained from using such racial distinctions as black or Negro. But free Negroes, who constituted about one-ninth of the black population by 1860, did not come under the three-fifths rule.

ALLAN PESKIN
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

TAMAR JACOBY writes:

Peter Brimelow, though no doubt well-intentioned himself, seems to have read a few things into my piece that I neither said nor meant. I never suggested that people who said they are more than one race on their 2000 Census forms were harbingers of some "post-racial beatific state" in which identity politics would "disappear." Nor, as I wrote explicitly, will an end to government's counting by race mean an end to ethnic conflict—which has surely existed, all but uninterrupted, since men first collected in tribes. But the inevitability of such conflict does not necessarily make a more multiracial America undesirable—for a richer ethnic mix has benefits as well as costs.

I do not believe a new mestizo order will be as color-coded as Mr. Brimelow fears: look at Americans' colorblind welcome of the skilled Asian-Indians flooding into U.S. high tech and finance. Nor do I believe that "whiteness" had anything to do with the will and courage that helped America (and its diverse allies) defeat Hitler. As for the prediction that a more varied mix will ultimately lead to a "Latin American-style authoritarian government," this strikes me as an outlandish bogeyman.

Whether today's influx of immigrants turns out to be a good or bad thing for the U.S.—for that is what Mr. Brimelow and I really disagree about—is much too large an issue to debate here, and probably will not be resolved in either of our lifetimes. But I for one remain convinced that the sooner government stops counting by race, the better—and the easier it will be for individuals to put their own race and ethnicity into some perspective.

Many thanks to Allan Peskin for a brief education in the three-fifths clause. It does not absolve the founding fathers, of course, but dehumanizing distinctions based on status used as a proxy for race are probably, in the long run, a little less repugnant than dehumanizing distinctions based on race alone.

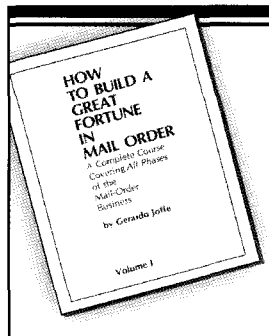
Bookmen

TO THE EDITOR:

Joseph Epstein may trace the transformation of book publishing to the decision by Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer to take Random House public in 1959 ["Among the Gentlemen-Publishers," May], but it really began when Random House was sold to RCA in 1966.

As long as Cerf and Klopfer were at the helm, Random House (including its subsidiaries, Knopf and Pantheon) remained a proud home for writers and a place for editors to have fun while earning a living. Its editor-in-chief, Albert Erskine, was one of the last of the great editors in the Maxwell Perkins tradition, nurturing writers like William Faulkner, W.H. Auden, Robert Penn Warren, John O'Hara, and James Michener, discovering new ones like Cormac McCarthy, and developing young editors with similar literary awareness to follow. Faulkner once told Bennett Cerf, "I think Albert is the best editor I know."

It was when RCA took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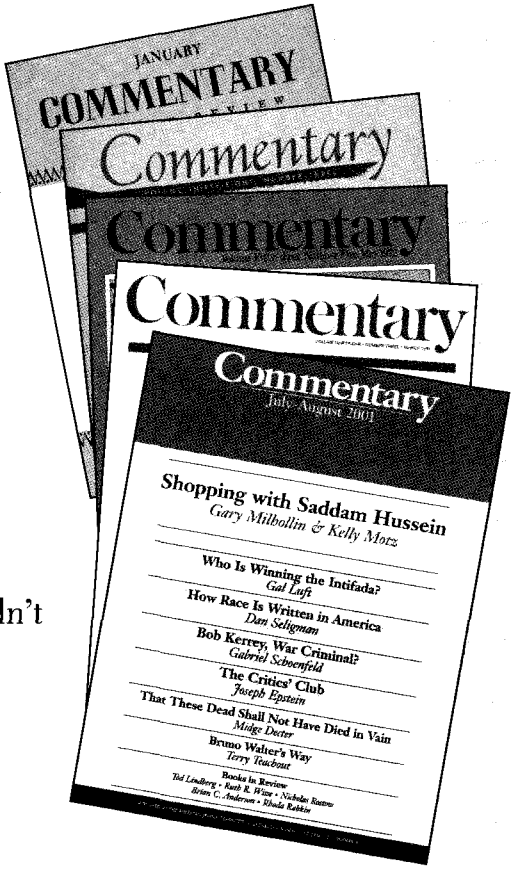

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over that things changed—and whatever André Schiffrin and Jason Epstein (top editors at Random House and Pantheon respectively) may now say in their memoirs, they were part of that change, though not perhaps the worst of it. That came from the new corporate management.

An example: RCA sent in an efficiency expert who was on the verge of trashing the Random House back files—a lot of old paper taking up storage space in a closet, she said. When Erskine's assistant, Suzanne Baskin, informed the powers-that-be at RCA that those "dusty old papers" contained letters from James Joyce, Thomas Mann, Faulkner, and other renowned literary figures, they decided to cut off the valuable signatures and sell them before dumping the rest of the documents as clutter.

At the last moment, the archives were saved by Baskin herself, who, one evening, pulled out the most important files, stuffed them into shopping bags, and (with my help) transported them to her home. The next morning she told Cerf the whole story. Appalled, he immediately stepped in. The Random House archives—a unique record of the mid-century literary scene—went intact to his alma mater, Columbia University.

Cerf was by nature an optimist, but a few days before Random House left its longtime home in the elegant Villard Houses for a shiny new (and more efficient) tower built by RCA, he remarked to me that it was the dumbest thing he had ever let himself get talked into. From then on, his was a finger in the dike as more and more of the old Random House leaked away around him. After he died in 1971, Erskine and others were pushed aside for less literary types who were willing to adapt. Throughout the publishing world, as Mr. Epstein records, the corporate moguls who saw publishing as a cash cow and books as merely a product were taking over. Those who went along, like Schiffrin and Jason Epstein, did well; it ill-behooves them to complain now.

Albert Erskine once told me, "You know, it took ten years to sell the first 2,500 copies of [Faulkner's] *The Sound and the Fury*." What publisher today would keep such a flop by a clearly unsalable writer in print for ten years—or even ten months—let alone ever give him a contract for another book? If perchance there is another Faulkner out there somewhere, putting words on paper, we are unlikely ever to read him.

Rosanne Klass
New York City

Lost Flights

To the Editor:

Didier de Fontaine's article, "Air-Crash Cover-Up?" [May], provides an extremely useful counterweight to Elaine Scarry's scary scenario of electromagnetic interference (EMI) as a heretofore unrecognized threat to air safety. When the last of her articles was published in the *New York Review of Books*, apparently rounding out her study of three incidents in the same region and suggesting EMI as the culprit in the fatal crash of EgyptAir flight 990, I immediately thought Scarry had gone to the end of her hypothetical bridge. For in the case of EgyptAir 990, the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) had concluded that a deliberate intentional act by one of the Egyptian pilots had caused the crash.

In her first two articles, Scarry suggested a sort of Bermuda Triangle of EMI in the airspace off the coast of North America as the cause of the crashes of TWA 800 and Swissair 111. There is a far more likely common scenario: look to the electrical wiring and the possibility of a short circuit causing an in-flight fire or explosion. The NTSB concluded as much in its exhaustive investigation of TWA 800. The Transportation Safety Board of Canada, still investigating the Swissair accident, has already issued a number of interim safety recommendations based on the recovery of short-circuit-damaged wiring from the wreckage. Both investigative bodies have ruled out EMI.

Scarry's analysis reminds me of the cautionary aphorism drilled into every professional investigator of aircraft accidents: "Never fall in love with a theory."

David Evans
Editor
Air Safety Week
Potomac, Maryland

To The Editor:

Didier de Fontaine has been so thorough in his critique of Elaine Scarry's articles on electromagnetic interference as the cause of three famous airplane crashes that it is nearly redundant to comment on the subject. It remains as bewildering to me as it is to him that the *New York Review of Books* would consult a literary theorist—and publish her "investigations" on matters that lie exclusively within the domain of science and engineering.

Since the publication of Mr. de Fontaine's article, the TWA 800 crash has been clearly and definitively attributed to electric arcing in frayed and aging cables and its consequent ignition of the fuel lines. The crash of EgyptAir 990 would seem, as he notes, to be the result of the suicidal impulse of one of its pilots.

There are a few issues only touched on by Mr. de Fontaine that might deserve further mention. One is what I call the "Golem" problem. This is the notion that we are creating fiendish devices that will turn against us and, eventually, destroy us (hence our fear of nuclear reactors). Scarry's articles are loaded with such sentiments—that we are, in our various military escapades, producing "death rays" of electromagnetic radiation.

How convenient that would be—if true. As Mr. de Fontaine points out, we could then simply dispense with "Star Wars" and knock out foreign missiles by flooding the skies with this deadly electromagnetic radiation, though perhaps with the unfortunate consequence of knocking out all of our communications satellites as well, not to mention our own missiles.

In fact, all "light," from short-wavelength gamma rays to very long-wavelength, low-energy radar waves, is electromagnetic radiation. Could the radar used to monitor our highway speed be the cause of automobile explosions (none

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of which has somehow been reported to date)? Could the use of radar by thousands of air-traffic controllers be responsible for countless other airline crashes? The list of impossible events and interactions is nearly endless, but the simple fact is that radar guides millions of planes yearly to safe landings and take-offs.

A second, related issue has to do with the belief that "they"—meaning the government and its defense agencies—are subverting normal life, and thereby endangering us without our knowledge. This belief is quite firmly held in certain quarters, and it has some validity. We now know that, during the nuclear build-up of the cold war, Defense Department workers suffered severe illness from long-term exposure to radiation in weapons labs and from tests. And it has been strongly suggested that Agent Orange, used for defoliation in Vietnam, caused real health problems for our soldiers fighting there. Scarry's claims naturally play into these fears.

In treating all such matters, we must be careful to keep political agendas out of the discussion. Careful analysis must rest on a close scientific scrutiny of the evidence—a task that, as Mr. de Fontaine demonstrates, Elaine Scarry is clearly unqualified to undertake.

SIMON C. MOSS
University of Houston
Houston, Texas

DIDIER DE FONTAINE writes:

I wish to thank David Evans and Simon C. Moss for their generous comments about my article and for the valuable contributions contained in their letters. I would also like to thank the several persons who wrote to me privately. Thus far, I have received not a single negative comment on my article. Curiously, although at one time Elaine Scarry's "theory" enjoyed wide success in some circles, now that it has been exploded, no literary knight in shining armor has come to her rescue.

In one of the private communications I received, Peter Ladkin, a professor at the University of Bielefeld in Germany, a licensed private pilot and an expert in computer-related accidents in commercial aviation, made an important point that had eluded me when I wrote "Air-Crash Cover-Up?" Elaine Scarry conceived her EMI hypothesis when learning about accidents that had befallen Blackhawk helicopters when they flew too close to sources of external electromagnetic radiation. From this she concluded that EMI may have caused the crash of TWA 800, a Boeing 747. But primary flight control in Blackhawk helicopters is computer-driven, whereas in a 747 it is hydromechanically driven. The former can be affected by external electromagnetic fields; the latter cannot. If Elaine Scarry had understood that distinction, perhaps not even her first article would have seen the light of day, and she would have spared the world much untrue and spurious theorizing.

In another point of interest, attorneys for EgyptAir, who would have every incentive to endorse the Scarry EMI hypothesis, have told a federal judge that the airline has agreed to accept liability in the crash of flight 990, a move that paves the way for a settlement of the lawsuits filed by the families of the victims.

In the final analysis, Elaine Scarry's articles are accumulations of largely irrelevant anecdotes vainly attempting to compensate for lack of command of the basic laws of electromagnetism. As for their scientific content, it boils down to "radiation is dangerous and military radiation is even more dangerous." But this is not science; it is sociopolitics, or literary criticism, masquerading as science. In such matters, science is less forgiving.

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The Arab uprising in Israel, the "Al Aksa Intifada", has now been going on since September of last year. Hundreds have died and thousands have been wounded. What is happening has all the earmarks of a civil war. But it isn't just the Palestinians that Israel is confronted with. All of the Arab world and Iran are backing the Palestinians and are goading them on. Any spark could trigger a full-fledged war -- which, in all likelihood, would result in all of the Arab states and Iran lined up against Israel.

What are the facts?

Israeli forbearance. Under the guidance of former president Clinton, and in order to put an end to the long struggle with the Palestinians, former Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak made breakthrough offers to Yasser Arafat -- he offered him the moon, "concessions" that would not have been conceivable at any time before. But Arafat, primarily interested in "armed struggle," rejected those unprecedented offers out of hand, and instead instructed his people to engage Israel in violent conflict. Israel, in the face of this violence, has shown remarkable restraint, despite our Secretary of State's unbelievable remark that Israel was using "excessive force." "Excessive force"? What would we Americans do if, say, Mexican insurgents, with the support of their government, lobbed mortar rounds into San Diego or El Paso, or dispatched suicide bombers into our major cities causing hundreds of casualties? You know the answer!

> "The stakes are high, but the road is clear. Unless Israel . . . reasserts its position of strength, today's intifada, today's war of attrition with the Palestinians, is going to lead to full-scale war in the region."

The last time America faced a threat from a neighboring nation was in 1916, when an incursion by Pancho Villa killed seventeen Americans. The U.S. promptly sent an army of 6,000 men into Mexico to capture Villa. Can Israel be expected to be patient with Arafat much longer, before he is subjected to the treatment meted out to Pancho Villa?

The sham of the Oslo Agreement. Even the most sanguine can no longer doubt that the heralded "Oslo Peace Process," sealed by a handshake between the late Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin and Yasser Arafat, is one of the great failures of recent world history. And it failed because the Palestinians, under the leadership of Yasser Arafat, have broken virtually every clause of the Oslo Accord -- from forming a standing army of at least 45,000 men, to smuggling heavy weapons into their arsenals, to releasing and failing to arrest terrorists who have committed murderous outrages against innocent Israeli citizens. And the Palestinians are not at all interested in a Palestinian state alongside Israel. They are only interested in a Palestinian state instead and in place of Israel -- Palestine, as they put it, "from the River to the Sea." That goal, at least for now, cannot be attained by conventional military means. So the strategy is to attempt to destroy Israel by a low-level war of attrition, by insisting on the "right of return" of the (by now swollen to almost four million) "refugees," and (the great hope) by ultimately sparking a general war, in which the Arabs and the Iranians would finally be able to drive the hated Jews into the sea and into final oblivion -- the same goal with which Abdel Nasser of Egypt provoked the 1967 Six-Day War.

How can such an outcome, such a war, be prevented? For the longest time, Israel has tried to appease the Arabs and also "world opinion," which is almost totally critical of Israel. Israel has voluntarily withdrawn from Lebanon and has turned virtually all of the Gaza Strip and most of the "West Bank" over to the Palestinians. But the Palestinians, and it seems the entire Arab world, see these accommodations by Israel, these endless concessions, not for what they are meant to be, namely way stations on the road to final peace, but as indecision, loss of will, and weakness. Smelling blood, the Arabs, just as Nasser did in 1967, are dreaming of a final assault against a weak and demoralized Israel.

Accommodations and concessions did not work and they will not work in promoting peace. On the contrary, Israel's perceived weakness will goad the Arabs into embarking on full-scale war. In order to avoid such a war, Israel needs to reassume its previous stance of deterrence. Specifically, Ariel Sharon, whom the Israeli people chose for his proven strength and decisiveness, should initiate policies by which, among other actions, suicide bombers would be buried in potter's fields, rather than being returned to their relatives, who turn their funerals into frenzied demonstrations; freeze the financial assets of the Palestinian Authority, of Arafat, and of the PLO; prevent P.A. officials (including Arafat) from returning to the territory now controlled by the P.A.; permit no transportation of people or goods beyond basic necessities; shut off utilities to the P.A. Then he should implement the death penalty against murderers and seize weapons from the P.A., making sure that no more weapons reach it. He should reoccupy areas from which gunfire or missiles are shot; seize the P.A.'s illegal offices in Jerusalem and its infrastructure and villages from which attacks are launched; capture or otherwise dispose of P.A. leadership. The stakes are high, but the road is clear. Unless Israel takes steps to deter its enemies, and unless it reasserts its position of strength, today's intifada, today's war of attrition with the Palestinians, is going to lead to full-scale war in the region.

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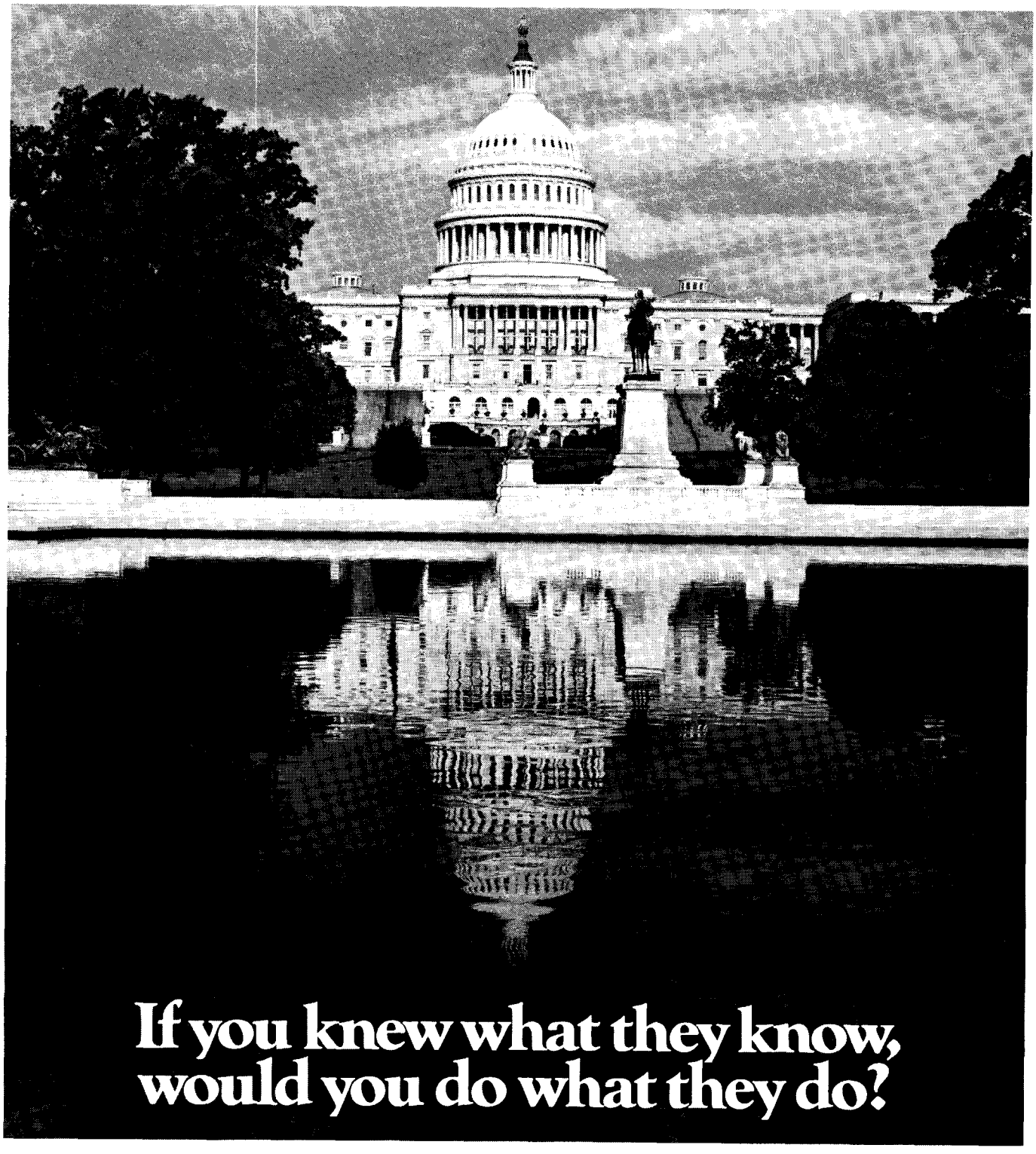

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Commentary
October 2001

Oslo: The Peacemongers Return

Norman Podhoretz

THE COUNTERATTACK came—or so it seemed—out of the blue.

Almost a year earlier, negotiations at Camp David between the then prime minister of Israel, Ehud Barak, and the chairman of the Palestinian Authority (PA), Yasir Arafat, with the active participation of the then President of the United States, Bill Clinton, had broken down. Soon thereafter, the Palestinians launched what became known as Intifada II. This was a low-level war that resulted in many more Palestinian than Israeli casualties. Yet the Palestinians were content to sustain these losses, and the younger the better, since they exposed the alleged inhumanity of the Israelis and garnered sympathy for the Palestinians in the media and in the "international community."

In a striking case of religion's being conscripted into the service of political ends, traditional Islamic conceptions of martyrdom were invoked to recruit suicide bombers in their teens and early twenties; to justify the tactic of placing small children in the direct line of Israeli return fire; and to ensure the approval even of the parents of the young Palestinian corpses thus created. Instead of mourning, the mothers rejoiced and the fathers took pride; instead of weeping and wailing, they emitted cries of jubilation; instead of being consoled by friends and relatives, they were congratulated; and instead of burying their children in anguish and grief, they celebrated the funerals as "weddings," with candies being distributed and sweet coffee drunk rather than the bitter coffee of ordinary funerals.

Husam Badran, a columnist in *Al-Ayyam*, a daily paper associated with the Palestinian Authority, explicated what seemed difficult to understand from a Western perspective:

> Martyrdom . . . is a loss through distinction. The *shahid*'s [martyr's] mother finds in this distinction . . . some sort of compensation for her pain and loss . . . because she believes the martyr is one of the birds of heaven if he dies as a child, or one of the guards of heaven if he died as a youth. Therefore, crying is considered shameful for the mother and family of a *shahid*. She is required to accompany him with cries of jubilation to his grave, as if he is a groom who did not complete . . . his marriage.[1]

It was in this spirit, and out of such beliefs, that a young man named Sa'id al-Hotari blew himself up one Saturday night amid a crowd of Israeli teenagers waiting to get into a disco in Tel Aviv, killing more than twenty of them and seriously injuring another hundred. "There is nothing greater than being mar-

NORMAN PODHORETZ, *editor-at-large of* COMMENTARY *and a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute, is the author, most recently, of* My Love Affair with America *(Free Press).*

[1] I am indebted for this quotation, and (with a few exceptions) all the others from sources in Arabic that follow it below, to the Middle East Media & Research Institute (MEMRI). Fuller texts and documentation can be found through the website of this invaluable service, www.memri.org.

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tyred for the sake of Allah, on the land of Palestine," he exulted in the testament he left behind. "Cry in joy, my mother, hand out candy, my father and brothers, for your son awaits a wedding with the 72 black-eyed [virgins] in heaven." His father promptly obliged: "I was extremely happy when I heard that my son is the one who did this operation. I hope I have many sons to carry out the same act."

This sentiment was echoed in almost the same words by the mother of the suicide bomber who subsequently blew himself up in a restaurant near Haifa. She professed gratitude for the "greatest gift" a son could give a mother, and she prayed that her other sons might follow the wonderful example he had set.

IN THE midst of this wave of suicide bombings—which also came to include the blowing up of a pizzeria in Jerusalem that took fifteen Israeli lives—there were a few protests from Muslims in London, and even in Saudi Arabia, arguing that their religion did not sanction such actions. But most Muslim clerics strongly endorsed the view that suicide bombings were a form of religious martyrdom and encouraged more of them. In fact, Sheikh 'Ikrimeh Sabri, the highest-ranking cleric in Arafat's Palestinian Authority, preached a sermon to just this effect at the al-Aqsa mosque on the Temple Mount in Jerusalem only a week before the massacre at the Tel Aviv disco. Then, only a week after this bloody incident (and a few days after Arafat had agreed—yet again!—to a cease-fire), Sheikh Ibrahim Madhi, in a sermon in Gaza that was broadcast on PA television, showered "blessings on whoever put a belt of explosives on his body or on his sons and plunged into the midst of the Jews."

Not surprisingly, given all this, 76 percent of the respondents to a poll conducted by the Palestinian Center for Public Opinion supported suicide bombings against the Israelis. And the same sentiment was widely shared throughout the Arab world. One writer in an Egyptian paper even volunteered to sign up for a suicide mission himself. Becoming a martyr, he said, would fulfill his own highest spiritual aspirations. But in addition, suicide bombing was a most effective method for defeating the "racist Jewish entity," whose people he was "not ashamed to speak about driving . . . into the sea, to hell, or to the trash heap they deserve." He continued:

> Let us do some mathematical calculations: 250 Palestinians have signed up for martyrdom operations, and it is not impossible to raise this number to 1,000 throughout the Arab world. . . . The average harvest of each act of martyrdom is ten dead and 50 wounded. . . . [The Israelis] cannot bear this. There is also the added advantage . . . of negative Jewish emigration, which, as a consequence of the 1,000 martyrdom operations will come to at least 1,000,000 Jews, followed by the return of every Jew to the place from whence he came.

Another Egyptian journalist, in the leading government newspaper *Al-Ahram*, could not, he said, "hide my happiness" at the blowing up of the pizzeria in Jerusalem. "At first," he continued,

> I thought that this was my own private feeling, but shortly after the news was broadcast, I discovered that many share it with me. The telephone in my house did not stop ringing until after midnight. Most of the people I spoke with wanted to make sure that the news got to me. On the second day, I was informed that the masses in Lebanon, Jordan, and Gaza went out to the streets in cries of joy and shots in the air, and that some gave out candies to passers-by on the street, accompanied by the women's howls of joy whose echo remained in the sky all night long.

It may not have been surprising that suicide bombing was popular among Palestinians and their Arab brothers in other countries. And yet one might have expected greater opposition even from them to what one lonely Muslim protester called the tactic of encouraging "children who are less than the age of maturity, . . . unarmed and undefended, to be targets for the Jews who are armed from head to toe so that they can hit these children as they wish."

But hardly anyone agreed with this dissenter, a London-based journalist named Huda al-Husseini, when he asked:

> What kind of independence is built on the blood of children while the leaders are safe and so are their children and grandchildren? . . . Isn't it sad that a Palestinian mother who loses a child looks around and cannot find nearby other mothers crying because every mother waits her turn to receive the corpse of a child? They take the children from their mothers and at the same time they strip the mother of any sympathy.

In the Arab world, words of this kind, besides being pathetically few and far between, fell on deaf ears. They were drowned out by sermon after sermon, speech after speech, and article after article in the Arabic-language press that went on praising the sacrifice of Palestinian children to the national cause. "We must educate our children on the love of

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jihad [holy war]," proclaimed an official of the putatively moderate PA during the broadcast on television of a sermon from Gaza. In line with this imperative, a gathering was held in a high school run by the PA to commemorate two "martyrs" who had been members of the radically fundamentalist Hamas. Children carrying weapons were brought in to participate, and future suicide bombers, dressed all in white with bandanas on their heads, were paraded before the youthful assemblage.

Nor was this all. In summer camps—four of them— children ranging from eight to twelve years old were, and are, being trained to become suicide bombers. And on a PA-sponsored children's TV program (whose general approach was likened by the Middle East specialist Daniel Pipes to *Sesame Street*), a young boy sang: "When I wander into Jerusalem, I will become a suicide," while a popular ditty featured on one of these programs went: "How pleasant is the smell of martyrs, how pleasant the smell of land, the land enriched by the blood, the blood pouring out of a fresh body."

To the extent that the objective of child sacrifice was to blacken Israel in the eyes of the world, it worked, especially as many of these incidents were carefully staged before television cameras. Suicide bombings, however, proved less effective in this respect, even in the incorrigibly pro-Palestinian chancelleries of Europe. And both tactics did great damage to the Israeli "peace movement" at home, and to its backers within the American Jewish community.

Thus, a spate of disillusioned statements poured forth from longtime champions of the negotiating process that had been born at Oslo in 1993 and was (apparently) killed at Camp David eight years later—people who had defended and apologized for Arafat's every violation of the Oslo agreement and its progeny. Having hailed Arafat as "a partner for peace," they were now heartbroken to discover that he was no such thing. At Camp David, Barak had made more far-reaching concessions than had been thought possible even by extreme doves: a plan that would have resulted in a Palestinian state with a part of Jerusalem as its capital, and that included provisions for the Palestinian refugees. Yet Arafat had not only walked away from all this, but had ordered, or acquiesced in, the renewal of the *intifada*.

What made it even worse was that rifles supplied to Arafat's "police" by the Israelis themselves—under the theory that they would be used to control mob uprisings in the territories ruled by the PA—were now turned in full force against the Jews. True, the same thing had happened before, during Benjamin Netanyahu's time as prime minister of Israel. But now, supplementing these light weapons (themselves already swollen in number far beyond what Oslo permitted) were heavier ones like mortars that, in a more egregious violation of Oslo, had been steadily smuggled into the hands of the Palestinians from and through neighboring Arab countries. This new arsenal was deployed to bombard a Jewish neighborhood that was within its range.

The inescapable conclusion reached by many (most?) Israelis was that Camp David and its violent aftermath exposed the fraudulence of Arafat's expressed desire for coexistence between Israel and a new Palestinian state. He had no intention of making peace with Israel, and never had. What he wanted was no different from what his supposed rivals or enemies among the Islamic fundamentalists of Hamas and Islamic Jihad and Hezbollah were after: to wipe the Jewish state off the map. Entering into the "peace process" had been nothing more than a change of tactics in the overall strategy of destroying Israel.

Not that every Israeli, let alone every member of the Israeli peace camp, went along with this new analysis. Some (like Israel's leading novelist, Amos Oz) accepted only parts of it, and only through clenched teeth. Others clutched desperately to their olive branches, insisting that a return to negotiations with Arafat was both possible and desirable.

The most prominent spokesman for this last, intransigent stand was Shimon Peres, who had been one of the fathers of the Oslo accords. Yet for all the general disillusionment with the policy he more than anyone had done to foist upon Israel, Peres was neither discredited nor hurled into outer political darkness. On the contrary: when Intifada II resulted in a landslide electoral victory for Likud's Ariel Sharon over Labor's Barak, the new prime minister formed a national-unity government in which Peres became foreign minister.

Other members of Peres's faction refused to join the government of the "superhawk" Sharon, and criticized their own leader for doing so. Among these was Yossi Beilin. This character, who had once been dismissed by Yitzhak Rabin as "Peres's poodle," now began sniping at his former master's heels while furiously maneuvering to resurrect Oslo. But Peres, nothing daunted and not to be outdone by his former pet, never stopped reaching out to Arafat, with whom (along with Rabin) he had shared a Nobel

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Peace Prize for the glorious achievement of the Oslo accords.

SOMETHING SIMILAR was going on at the same time among the American diplomats who had from their end been pushing Oslo with all their might. No matter that Bill Clinton himself blamed Arafat for the breakdown at Camp David—and also for the failure of the secret negotiations that were held in subsequent months. For their part, the State Department operators proved once again that being a diplomat, like being in love, means never having to say you're sorry, especially when you have mastered the requisite art of talking out of both sides of your mouth at the same time.

For example, when Dennis B. Ross, who had been perhaps more centrally involved in this issue for the past twelve years than any other American diplomat, finally left office after the election of George W. Bush, he blandly told an interviewer that "Arafat can't really do a permanent deal." Expanding on this point in a lecture, he added: "Chairman Arafat could not accept Camp David. It was too hard for him to make this decision because when the conflict ends, the cause that defines Arafat also ends." But we now discovered that Ross had been well aware of this long before Camp David, since, as he himself went on to comment, first in another interview about Arafat's behavior in the years after Oslo, and then in an op-ed piece in the *Washington Post*: "You cannot be promoting incitement to violence, and say you're committed to peace. The two are contradictory."

Why then had Ross not gotten the American government to *do* something about Arafat's violations of the Oslo agreements? Because, he replied,

> the prudential issues of compliance were neglected and politicized by the Americans in favor of keeping talks afloat. . . . Every time there was a behavior, or an incident, or an event that was inconsistent with what the process was supposed to be about, the impulse was to rationalize it, finesse it, find a way around it, and not allow it to break the process.

Anything, that is, to keep the process going, even though Arafat was daily exposing its "promise" (Ross's own word) as a sham, and even though Ross himself understood, as he could acknowledge now that he had become a private citizen, that "Arafat has spent a lifetime giving commitments he assumes he will never have to fulfill."

Martin Indyk, Ross's protégé and Clinton's ambassador to Israel, was as bad, or perhaps a touch worse; admittedly, it is a close call. Ross was now willing to concede these points about Arafat (though without taking any of the onus on his own heavily guilty shoulders for having consciously and deliberately pumped up what he had recognized even then as a fraudulent process). Remaining "absolutely convinced there will be an agreement at a certain point," and pledging to do everything in his power to bring it about, he at least also held out small hope for a resumption of negotiations in the foreseeable future.

Indyk, by contrast, was incapable of even this much candor or qualification. "Just because the Middle East peace process failed," he asserted after leaving office, "does not mean it should be abandoned." Nor had he lost faith in Arafat. According to the *Jerusalem Post*, in his farewell address as ambassador he still maintained that "'Israel's only course is to pursue negotiations with Palestinian Chairman Yasir Arafat, who has the power to stop the violence. Arafat is Israel's best hope for peace since the alternative is Hamas or Hezbollah.'" (Later he would reiterate this sentiment in an op-ed piece in the *New York Times*.)

But if Arafat, by Indyk's own account, had never given up violence as a tool, and if (contrary to the mantra of the PLO chairman's even more die-hard apologists) he was even now in control of it, in what sense could he be seen as a better alternative to Hamas or Hezbollah—or as an alternative at all?

On this issue of alternatives, it must be said that Indyk was no worse than Ross, who also warned that if Arafat were forced out by Israel, this would "bring in a more extreme leader." But again, if Arafat, in Ross's own analysis, was incapable of making peace with Israel, why were the Israelis better off with him than without him? Ross's mysterious answer was that Arafat had "legitimized" peacemaking, and that so long as he remained on the scene, there was a chance that it could be resumed.

But to what end? After all, if—as just about everyone from Clinton on down by then agreed—Barak had made the most generous offer any Israeli leader could be expected to make and Arafat had indignantly turned his back on it, what possible point was there in a new round of negotiations? What more was there for Israel to give that Arafat would take?

AT THIS juncture, the intransigents in the "peace camp" suddenly began harping on the old chestnut of the Israeli settlements in the "occupied" territories as the great deal-breaker.[2] The *settlements*? Why bring up the settlements, when, in storming out of Camp David, neither Arafat nor anyone else

[2] It will become clear in due course why I have put the word "occupied" in quotation marks.

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in the Palestinian delegation had singled them out as the only issue, or even the main one?

Naturally, the Palestinians were happy to be handed this gift of an excuse. For months and months they had failed to explain why they had rejected Barak's proposals, and what their own counterproposals might be. But thanks to Beilin and his fellow intransigents both in Israel and elsewhere, the Palestinians now had something resembling a leg to stand on in blaming Israel once again for their own refusal to accept a Jewish state on any part of "their" land.

Still, the question was left hanging in the air: what could a new round of negotiations accomplish when Barak's offer had been so rudely repudiated?

Sensing that they were losing more ground with every passing day that this question went unresolved, the Palestinians and their apologists both in Israel and in Washington launched a campaign to destroy the "myth" that blame attached exclusively to Arafat. This interpretation—to repeat, Bill Clinton's own—of why Camp David had failed was now loftily dismissed as simplistic; and, in the intellectually seductive name of greater complexity and nuance, "errors" were charitably redistributed, with both Barak himself and Clinton being awarded a share equal to, if not greater than, Arafat's.

It was only now also revealed that there had been secret follow-up negotiations after Camp David, which—the claim went—had come within a hair's breadth of success, and would have resulted in an agreement if only a little more time had been available. Alas, the elections both in the United States and Israel imposed too stringent a deadline. Another day, another hour, another minute, another second, and there surely would have been a peaceful end to the war against the very existence of a Jewish state that the Arab world had been fighting for close to a century.

The shot most heard 'round the world in this campaign was fired in the form of a very long article by Deborah Sontag, who was leaving her post as the *New York Times* correspondent in Israel. Sontag's bombshell, prominently featured on the paper's front page, was preceded by an op-ed piece in the *Times* by Robert Malley, a former staffer of the National Security Council who had been a member of the American negotiating team at Camp David. Some weeks later, Malley, now writing in collaboration with a Palestinian, Hussein Agha, produced a much longer version of his account that was published in the *New York Review of Books* under the title "Camp David: The Tragedy of Errors."

Around the same time that Sontag and Malley were launching their counteroffensive in America, a team of Palestinians, fielding questions posed in meetings with sympathetic but troubled Israeli intellectuals, presented many of the same arguments that showed up in Sontag and Malley. Based on these meetings, a document was put together in Hebrew and English under the PLO logo: it was published in the Israeli daily *Haaretz*, a paper that had always enthusiastically supported the "peace process."

Though the exact chronology is difficult to pin down here, my own suspicion is that this document—or an earlier oral version of it—is what served as the stimulus of Sontag's article. But there is no need to engage in guessing games concerning the relation between Malley and Sontag, since she cited a speech by him as a source, and also his op-ed piece in the *Times*. And Malley may have inspired the Palestinians themselves with a talk he gave as early as March 2001 to the Center for Policy Analysis on Palestine in Washington. There, to a pro-Palestinian audience, he sketched out what had "really" happened at Camp David before he, too, took to the public prints with the same diagnosis.

Be all that as it may, the three items overlapped to a considerable extent, as they also did with statements and articles by Beilin. But it is still worth examining each in turn; chronology being less important than impact, I will begin with Sontag, and then go on to Malley and the PLO paper.

Before starting, however, I want to stress that the minutes both of the discussions at Camp David and of later meetings held in various locales are still unpublished. Consequently, we have no way of checking the accuracy of the detailed allegations of which the revisionist version is composed. Nor did Sontag herself help. While she claimed to have interviewed "key Israeli and Palestinian negotiators, as well as several American and European diplomats keenly involved in the peace talks of the Clinton-Barak era," her *only* quotations came from disappointed supporters of Oslo.

I will skip over the many Palestinians she cited, since it is—or should be—self-evident that they have a political interest in absolving Arafat of (in Sontag's words) "sole responsibility for the breakdown of the peace effort." I will also omit the "European diplomats" on whom she relied for corroboration: except for a clearly biased UN special envoy, she never named them. But here is the complete list of Israelis and Americans she did quote by name, in the order in which they appeared in her article: Shlomo Ben-Ami, Gilad Sher, Martin Indyk, Avraham Burg, Dennis B. Ross, Yossi Beilin, Robert Malley,[3] and Joseph Alpher.

[3] Interestingly, in a departure from the normally formal style of the *Times*, she called him "Rob Malley."

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Every last one of these was a longtime supporter of the "peace process." To show that their ideas and hopes had not been discredited by Arafat at Camp David, they were all eager to explode what Sontag described as

> a potent, simplistic narrative [that] has taken hold in Israel and to some extent in the United States. It says: Mr. Barak offered Mr. Arafat the moon at Camp David. . . . Mr. Arafat turned it down, and then "pushed the button" and chose the path of violence. The Israeli-Palestinian conflict [this "simplistic narrative" concludes] is insoluble, at least for the foreseeable future.

Meron Benvenisti, an old Israeli peace horse out to pasture, awoke from his dogmatic slumbers long enough to write a little article of his own commending Sontag's much longer one as a model of "balanced" reporting. Yet this model of balanced reporting included not a single critic of the "peace process" to argue that there was nothing "simplistic" about the "myth" Sontag was intent on destroying, let alone to contend that this "myth" had been vindicated by Camp David, the eruption of Intifada II, and the clandestine negotiations that went on even during the resumption of violence.

That Sontag and her sources were not disposing of a myth but creating one in order to obfuscate and evade the truth was nowhere more conspicuous than in her resurrection of the old charge that Intifada II had been provoked by Ariel Sharon's visit to the Temple Mount:

> On the heels of very intricate grappling at Camp David over the future status of the Old City's holy sites, Mr. Sharon's heavily guarded visit to the plaza outside al-Aqsa mosque to demonstrate Jewish sovereignty over the Temple Mount set off angry Palestinian demonstrations. The Israelis used lethal force to put them down. The cycle of violence started, escalated, and mutated.

Not a word here about the fact that Sharon had cleared his visit with the Palestinian security chief in the area, and had been assured that it would trigger no violence. Nor was there any reference by Sontag to the speech of the PA communications minister, Imad al-Faluji, in which he admitted that the Sharon visit had merely been a pretext for an action already planned in advance:

> Whoever thinks that the *intifada* broke out because of the despised Sharon's visit to the al-Aqsa mosque is wrong. . . . This *intifada* was planned in advance, ever since President Arafat's return from the Camp David negotiations.[4]

BUT TO return to Camp David—where, according to Sontag, Barak had not offered Arafat "the moon." What he had offered, she averred, was only (!) a little more than 90 percent of the territories captured by Israel in 1967 and the establishment of a Palestinian state with a part of Jerusalem as its capital.

Now, suppose for the sake of argument that 90 or 91 percent did not constitute the "moon," and that the Palestinians were right to consider it insufficient. Why then would they have said no again in the later, secret negotiations when, as Sontag herself informed us, Barak upped the offer to 97 (or, in some reports, 95) percent? Because, she wrote,

> The plan was too vague. . . . In the midst once more of a violent relationship with Israel, [the Palestinians] were not emotionally poised to abide by the political timetables of others and to rush into a fuzzy deal.

This note was in keeping with the psychobabble that ran through Sontag's whole article. In the assessment of the UN envoy, Camp David had been "a failure of psychology." Others lamented through her that the "chemistry" had been bad. Furthermore, Barak had spent all his time at a dinner party talking to Chelsea Clinton sitting on his right instead of to Arafat on his left, thereby demonstrating his bad faith (and, it would appear, insulting Arafat to boot). So, too, "veteran Palestinian negotiators" had been "angered" when American officials tried "to nurture special relationships with two younger-generation Palestinian officials." One of the most important of these negotiators, Abu Mazen, had been "so furious about the American tactics" that he pledged "to use the refugee issue to foil" Camp David "if such games continued."

Feelings aside, Arafat told Sontag that the Palestinian state envisaged by Barak "would not be viable" because it would be divided into "cantons" (which was "worse than the Bantustans" that had once been designed for blacks by the defunct apartheid government of South Africa). Barak, however, later stated

[4] After his speech was broadcast on Voice of Israel Radio, al-Faluji retracted this statement, which was obviously harmful to the Palestinian line. But he and other Palestinian officials had more than once already said the same thing earlier. Here, for example, was al-Faluji himself, speaking in Gaza as early as December 2000, as reported by a correspondent for *Al-Ayyam*: "The PA had begun to prepare for the outbreak of the current *intifada* since the return from the Camp David negotiations, by request of President Yasir Arafat . . . and not as a specific protest against Sharon's visit."

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flatly in an op-ed piece in the *New York Times* that the deal he had put on the table at Camp David "included an independent, viable, and *contiguous* Palestinian state beside Israel" [emphasis added].

One of these two men is lying, and quite apart from the consideration that credibility has never exactly been Arafat's strong point, the evidence in this instance overwhelmingly points to him as the culprit. This evidence, moreover, comes from leaders of the PLO itself.

First, we have the aforementioned Abu Mazen, speaking to *Al-Ayyam*:

> I met with Barak one month prior to negotiations and told him . . . if you have illusions that the Palestinian side can make concessions on land, borders, settlements, Jerusalem, or on refugees, you are daydreaming. . . . We demand a return to the 1967 borders in full. . . . We cannot agree to settlements on our land. We want Israel to recognize its responsibility for the refugee problem and for the right of return. . . . Regarding Jerusalem, it is clear that East Jerusalem should return to us, and that West Jerusalem will be an open city.

Denying in diplomatic double-talk that such conditions would mean an end to Israel as a Jewish state, Abu Mazen simultaneously reiterated that "the issue is not 80 or 90 percent. Give me 100 percent of my borders." He was willing to accede to the minor "border changes" the Israelis imagined they needed for security, but only if an equivalent amount of Israeli territory were added to the new Palestinian state. To such a swap, the Israelis had already agreed. Yet Abu Mazen asserted that the envisioned exchange would have left Israel with 5 percent more land that should have gone to the Palestinians than the compensatory amount of pre-1967 Israeli territory Barak had been prepared to cede. All by itself, this 5 percent, if 5 percent it really was, had been enough to eclipse the moon.[5]

And so it was with all the other issues brought up by Abu Mazen in the same interview, from the "right of return" of the Palestinian refugees, to the Israeli settlements on the West Bank and Gaza, to Jerusalem. No Israeli concession on any of them had been enough—no matter how unprecedented, or how far beyond it went from anything previously contemplated.

When lawyers who lose an argument shift their ground, they are said to be taking "another bite of the apple." Abu Mazen takes so many bites of this apple that he gets down to the core, and then begins chewing on that. This was precisely how the Palestinian negotiators acted collectively at Camp David, as even Malley and Agha testified:

> Appearing to act disparately and without a central purpose, each Palestinian negotiator gave preeminence to a particular issue, making virtually impossible the kinds of trade-offs that, inevitably, a compromise would entail. Ultimately, most chose to go through the motions rather than go for a deal.

THE SECOND Palestinian witness I wish to summon, Faisal al-Husseini, is even weightier. Just before he died of a heart attack this past June on a trip to Kuwait, al-Husseini, celebrated throughout the West as the leading Palestinian moderate (though his colleague Hanan Ashrawi, who speaks better English, appeared more often on American television), gave an interview to an Egyptian paper. Dispensing with Abu Mazen's prudential pretenses, this great embodiment and exemplification of the "moderate" Palestinian position toward Israel characterized Oslo as a "Trojan horse." It, "or any other agreement, is just a temporary procedure, or just a step toward something bigger," namely,

> the liberation of all historical Palestine from the [Jordan] river to the [Mediterranean] sea. . . . Palestine in its entirety is an Arab land, the land of the Arab nation, a land no one can sell or buy.

This, al-Husseini affirmed, was the answer he would give whether speaking as "a pan-Arab nationalist" or "as a man who belongs to the Islamic faith,"

[5] The precise numbers here are in dispute. Although everyone else seems to agree that at Camp David Barak offered to turn over 91 percent of the West Bank to the new Palestinian state, and then later raised it at Taba to either 95, 96, or 97, Malley and Agha allege that "strictly speaking, there never was an Israeli offer" in the first place. Yet they then (less "strictly speaking") describe "bases for negotiation" on which the Americans and Barak were in accord at Camp David: "According to those 'bases,' Palestine would have sovereignty over 91 percent of the West Bank. Israel would annex 9 percent of the West Bank and, in exchange, Palestine would have sovereignty over parts of pre-1967 Israel equivalent to 1 percent of the West Bank, but with no indication of where either would be." This nine-to-one estimate has been called inflated, and so has Abu Mazen's lower estimate of the Israeli advantage as five-to-one rather than nine-to-one. In any case, as we will see, the official PLO document (while holding to the nine-to-one numbers) states that "the issue is not one of percentages." To my ear, the Palestinian argument sounds like after-the-fact rationalization. Besides, even if it were nine-to-one, the offer would have represented a great concession by the Israelis, who had never interpreted Security Council Resolution 242 as demanding that they return to the pre-1967 borders. Nor had they ever before been willing to entertain the idea that the modifications to which they were entitled for security purposes by that resolution demanded reciprocal territorial compensation to the Palestinians.

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or "as an ordinary Palestinian, from the 'inside' or from the Diaspora." Due to "international pressure," the Palestinians were unfortunately "compelled temporarily to accept" less than everything as a short-term tactic leading in "phased goals" to the ultimate strategic objective. But "our eyes must continue to focus on the higher goal . . . which is the liberation of Palestine from the river to the sea" even "if this means that the conflict will last for another thousand years or for many generations."

Such complete confirmation of what some critics of Oslo had all along been identifying as the true Palestinian goal—and from a man almost universally regarded as a supporter of coexistence with Israel—makes a morbid joke of the details piled up by Sontag, Malley, Beilin, and the PLO document to obfuscate what Camp David and its aftermath most emphatically did uncover.

In the Malley-Agha account, all three participants at Camp David—the Israelis, the Palestinians, and the Americans—were guilty of mistakes. To most nondiplomats, I imagine, the mistakes attributed to the Israelis and the Americans would seem trivial, amounting to nothing more than matters of demeanor and negotiating tactics, as compared with the tortuous maneuvers engaged in by Arafat and his people to escape any sort of compromise.

Indeed, this is how it struck even some diplomats, including none other than Malley's own superior on the American "peace team," Dennis Ross. In a letter criticizing the Malley-Agha article, Ross would accuse them of equating "tactical mistakes with strategic errors." For whereas "Both Barak and Clinton were prepared to do what was necessary to reach agreement," one could not "say the same about Arafat. . . . The issue is, did Yasir Arafat respond at any point—not only at Camp David—to possibilities to end this conflict when they presented themselves?" Ross's answer to his own question was: "Any objective appraisal would have to conclude that he did not."

Yet suppose, again for the sake of argument, that there was (in Martin Indyk's formulation) plenty of blame to go around. Suppose even that we were to swallow in its entirety the Malley-Agha story of what happened at Camp David—including even their deeply sympathetic portrait of why the Palestinians were so wary. What then would follow?

Why, nothing—nothing whatsoever. Malley and Agha themselves recognized (more clearly than Dennis Ross allowed) that Arafat went to Camp David not to make a deal but to avoid making one. This was why the Palestinians had no compromise proposals of their own that Clinton could bring to the Israelis as a basis for negotiation. As Malley and Agha put it:

> [T]he Palestinians' principal failing is that from the beginning of the Camp David summit onward they were unable either to say yes to the American ideas or to present a cogent and specific counterproposal of their own. In failing to do either, the Palestinians denied the U.S. the leverage it felt it needed to test Barak's stated willingness to go the extra mile and thereby provoked the President's anger.

And there was more:

> When Abu Ala'a, a leading Palestinian negotiator, refused to work on a map to negotiate a possible solution, arguing that Israel first had to concede that any territorial agreement must be based on the line of June 4, 1967, the President burst out, "Don't simply say to the Israelis that their map is no good. Give me something better!" When Abu Ala'a again balked, the President stormed out: "This is a fraud. It is not a summit. I won't have the United States covering for negotiations in bad faith. Let's quit."

Clinton, however, did not quit. Five months later, on December 23, 2000, after many secret meetings between the Palestinians and the Israelis, and while violence raged, the President, with Barak behind him, sent a series of proposals to a session at Taba which, wrote Malley and Agha, "showed that the distance traveled since Camp David was indeed considerable, and almost all in the Palestinians' direction." To no avail. Arafat again found various pretexts for turning the new deal down. Apparently without quite realizing the implications of what they were saying, Malley and Agha explained why:

> For all the talk about peace and reconciliation, most Palestinians were more resigned to the two-state solution than they were willing to embrace it; they were prepared to accept Israel's existence, but not its moral legitimacy. . . . For the Palestinians, land was not given but given back.

FINALLY, THERE was the PLO document consisting of replies to questions posed by Israeli intellectuals. Having already dealt with most of the points covered in this document, I need not spend much time on it. But I do want to focus on the additional glimpse it gives us into the sophistical rationalizations, misrepresentations, and outright prevarications behind the revisionist effort to absolve Arafat of blame for the failure of Camp David.

Thus, to the first question, "Why did the Palestinians reject the Camp David Peace Proposal?,"

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the PLO response was that "Israel's Camp David proposal presented a 'repackaging' of military occupation, not an end to military occupation." To be sure, not even the PLO was brazen enough to deny that Barak's scheme had envisaged a Palestinian state on over 90 percent of the territory under contention. But, protested the document,

> [T]he issue is not one of percentages. . . . In a prison, for example, 95 percent of the prison compound is ostensibly for the prisoners—cells, cafeterias, gym and medical facilities—but the remaining 5 percent is all that is needed for the prison guards to maintain control over the prison population. Similarly, the Camp David proposal, while admittedly making Palestinian prison cells larger, failed to end Israeli control over the Palestinian population.

One would never guess from this, or from any of the other material produced by the revisionists, that 98 percent of the Palestinians—98 percent—had for some time now been living *not* under Israeli "occupation" but under the Palestinian Authority (a regime that might more appositely be conceived as a prison than Israeli rule—but let that pass).

And what about Jerusalem? Had not Barak been willing to accord sovereignty over part of it to the Palestinian state—in defiance of solemn pledges made a million times by Israeli prime ministers before him that Jerusalem, "the eternal capital of Israel," would never again be divided? Yes, but the PLO was not impressed:

> Israel was prepared to allow Palestinians sovereignty over isolated Palestinian neighborhoods in the heart of East Jerusalem . . . surrounded by illegal Jewish colonies. . . . In effect, such a proposal would create Palestinian ghettos in the heart of Jerusalem.

The upshot is that nothing Israel can do, short of committing suicide—or, better still, weakening itself to the point where it can be wiped out in a mighty holy war, a *jihad*, in which all the Arab armies will participate—can satisfy the Palestinians.

To a small minority of us, this has been obvious all along. And because it has been obvious, we were sharply critical from the beginning of the Oslo "peace process," judging, from what the Palestinians were saying to one another in Arabic, that it would lead not to peace but to just such a war. We also interpreted the entry of the PLO under Arafat into this process as a change not of objectives but of tactics. Having unsuccessfully tried at least five times to destroy Israel by direct military assault, the Arab world—with the Palestinians acting as its spearhead—was now adopting the method of "phased goals" to which Faisal al-Husseini himself referred in his last interview.

Here, however, I for one must admit to having been mistaken about the precise design of the phased method. I thought the first step would be the use of terrorism combined with diplomatic pressure—a formula modeled on the North Vietnamese tactic of "fight and talk" that had been so effective against the Americans—to force Israel into withdrawing from as much of Judea, Samaria, and Gaza as possible. This would then be followed by the establishment of a Palestinian state, which would serve as a launching pad for further political and military operations (though the *jihad* could be triggered by any number of alternative scenarios).

But with the PLO having cast aside a wonderful opportunity to move into phase two, this analysis needs to be reconsidered. It now seems likely that Arafat's objective is to provoke a large-scale regional war against Israel *without* first getting his state. Why? Probably because the price he has to pay for a state under present circumstances is to sign a treaty with Israel; and even if he were to do so with the intention of violating it (as he did with the Oslo agreements), he would formally have to renounce the strategic goal portrayed so vividly by Faisal al-Husseini and implicitly accept the Jewish state's "moral legitimacy." Launching Intifada II was thus Arafat's way of setting up the conditions for the intervention of the armies and missiles of his Arab "brothers" now, rather than in the period after the Palestinian state comes into existence. (Conversely, Ariel Sharon's policy of restraint in responding to attack—which reduced the ratio of Palestinian-Israeli casualties from ten-to-one to two-to-one—was in part calculated to frustrate this outcome.)

So far, no Arab armies have ridden to the rescue: but who can tell what might happen to bring them in?

Yet all the emphasis that has been put on Arafat and his maneuverings—including by me—is misplaced. Arafat himself is neither the problem—as some, including Ehud Barak, have now decided—nor the solution, as others, like Peres and Beilin in Israel, and Americans like Indyk and the *New York Times* editorial page, persist in maintaining even after Camp David and Intifada II.

In countering this determination to learn nothing from experience, the best source of wisdom is Fouad Ajami—an Arab-American who grew up as a Muslim in Lebanon and who has been almost the only Arab in the whole world courageous enough to speak the truth about the region from which he

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comes. Nearly five years ago, Ajami—in a piece that I have often quoted before but that bears quoting yet again—had this to say:

> There has been no discernible change in the Arab attitudes toward Israel. . . . The great refusal persists . . . in that "Arab street" of ordinary men and women, among the intellectuals and the writers, and in the professional syndicates. The force of this refusal can be seen in the press of the governments and of the oppositionists, among the secularists and the Islamists alike, in countries that have concluded diplomatic agreements with Israel and those that haven't.

Even in 1997, Ajami perceived that "the opposition to the peace remains fiercest in Egypt, the state that led the way to accommodation with Israel in the 1970's." And so it is today, which is why President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt reportedly put heavy pressure on Arafat not to conclude a deal at Camp David.

In Camp David and the outbreak of Intifada II, which was accompanied by demonstrations throughout the Arab world, Ajami saw evidence that in the years since 1997,

> The circle of enmity surrounding Israel has not been breached—the young boys in the West Bank displayed their great refusal to come to terms with Israel's statehood; so did the demonstrators in Arab lands, from North Africa to the Persian Gulf, whose rulers had staked a claim to moderation. Diplomacy was shown to be a pretense and a veneer.

The following month, Ajami revisited the subject, this time to link what had been happening since Camp David with the entire history of the Palestinian national movement. Blowing away in a single sentence the smoke of the PLO's propaganda offensive, he observed:

> The whole of Gaza and 95 percent of the West Bank have been offered Arafat, with provisions for compensating territorial concessions in the south of Israel as a way of rounding out the borders of a Palestinian state.

But the Palestinians could not accept this offer because, as had happened on numerous occasions in the past,

> In the play between a maximalist claim on Israel—a view that sees the very creation of Israel as a historical sin—and practical politics, the practical always yields in Palestinian thought and practice. It loses out to the wrath, to the persisting idea that the land as a whole, from the river to the sea, . . . as the Palestinians say, is still there to be claimed.

Then, in a third piece a few months ago, Ajami exposed the roots of Arafat's behavior:

> The simple, unadorned truth about Arafat is how true he has remained to that bitter, failed history. This *intifada*, this war, his handiwork, is thus an old, familiar story. To hunker down, to take the wrath of the crowd and of the young and focus it on Israel, to sharpen maximalist dreams, to give the crowd a sense of exemption from political realism. . . . This has been Arafat's way.

WHAT WE can carry away from this incandescent analysis is that even if Arafat were to die tomorrow, nothing would change. As Faisal al-Husseini's last interview proves beyond cavil, there are no "moderates" waiting in the wings of the PLO to succeed Arafat. Nor, if there are moderates in the wider Arab world, have they made themselves evident. Even the ambassador to London from Saudi Arabia—another supposedly moderate state—recently assured his fellow Arabs that they could win a two-front war against a demoralized Israel, a country that in his opinion has proved it no longer has the stomach for casualties. For such a two-front war, the Arabs need Egypt, but the ambassador waved off the idea that Cairo's peace treaty with Israel would be an obstacle on that score, especially in light of the big military buildup on which Egypt has been embarked.

Not long after the ambassador's article appeared, and as though to endorse it, *Al-Akhbar*, another official daily of the Egyptian government, ran an editorial containing these words:

> In view of this international betrayal of the Palestinian problem, there is no escaping from an Islamic and Arab initiative for solidarity with the heroic *intifada* and from supporting it with deeds rather than words, in order to force Israel to end its occupation of the Arab lands, without the smallest [Arab] concession on any right whatsoever.

Some think that the leaders of the Arab states are wary of a full-scale war with Israel, and that their fiery support of the Palestinians is just a rhetorical bone thrown to popular sentiment. Perhaps. And yet talk has consequences, and by their constant threats of *jihad*, Mubarak and the others may be forcing themselves into a position where it

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will be impossible to resist popular pressure to make good on such threats.

Despite all this, both in Israel and in the United States, many politicians and publicists and pundits persuaded themselves that nothing essential had changed. These were the ones who had bought heavily into the notion that the Palestinians in particular and the Arabs in general had decided to make peace with a Jewish state in their midst, provided only that this state were willing to accept a Palestinian state alongside it. After an indecent interval, they were back in business at the same old stand, denying that Camp David had been, in Ajami's image, "a flash of lightning" in which "the great truths of the region were laid bare." Blinding themselves to these truths, they called over and over again for a resumption of negotiations, as though a further sweetening of the deal that had been rebuffed at Camp David would do the trick when an already sweeter one had already been spurned by the PLO at Taba.

As an opponent of the Oslo "peace process" from the start, I am willing to entertain the possibility that Israel had to go through the exercise in order to be persuaded once and for all of its futility. Most ordinary Israelis seem, at least for the moment, to have absorbed this lesson. ("To the Palestinians," said a resident of Tel Aviv, "we are all settlers.") The lesson has also been absorbed by some prominent intellectuals like Shlomo Avineri, who prepared the ground for Oslo (but recently, castigating Israeli leftists who have refused to admit the truth that has been revealed about the peace process, compared them to the Communists of the past who could not give up their faith in "the god that failed"), and a few formerly dovish commentators like Amnon Dankner who in an article in the Israeli daily *Maariv* now denounced Oslo as "one of the biggest scams in history." But it is hard to find many, or even any, politicians who led the country into this fake process now facing up to the fact that they were wrong. Nor have their co-conspirators in the American government—Ross, Indyk, and company—or their champions in our own media been any more eager to acknowledge that the assumptions behind the policy they too supported with all their might were fallacious.[6]

There would be nothing dishonorable about such an admission, especially if couched in terms like these: "We had good reason to believe that a chance for peace had finally materialized, and we would have been irresponsible not to take it. Now, to our sorrow, we have learned that we were chasing a mirage." What *is* dishonorable, however, is the refusal to let go of the illusions behind the "peace process," to keep chasing the mirage, and to fan the embers of hope that still smolder in the hearts of a war-weary Israeli populace.

Yossi Beilin—who, among the other absurdities to which he has given voice, regards the Israeli concern over secure borders as "childish"—is probably the worst offender in this regard, with Yossi Sarid, the leader of the left-wing party Meretz, running him a close second. But Shimon Peres, who still enjoys power as foreign minister of Israel, deserves a higher slot on the roll of dishonor than his former "poodle" or than Sarid. Shocking though the analogy may seem, I would even go so far as to compare Peres with Neville Chamberlain; and what may seem even more shocking, I would further contend that the comparison puts the latter in a better light.

As everyone knows, Chamberlain, when he was prime minister of England in the late 1930's, adopted a policy of appeasement toward Nazi Germany. Similarly, Peres, as foreign minister under Yitzhak Rabin, led the way to the adoption of a similar policy by Israel toward the PLO. One may stipulate that both Chamberlain and Peres acted in good faith, out of the conviction that theirs was the only road to peace. But there the similarity ends.

When war broke out, Chamberlain was disgraced and has remained notorious to this day. But that was not the end of the story, as John Lukacs has reminded us in his recent book, *Five Days in London: May 1940*. When Winston Churchill succeeded him as prime minister, Chamberlain (partly for internal political reasons) was kept in the war cabinet. Realizing at last that he had misjudged Hitler's intentions, and that Churchill had been right, he now tried to make amends by becoming one of the staunchest and most loyal supporters of the new prime minister's determination to prosecute the war with full vigor. Not so, however, the foreign minister Halifax, who (writes Lukacs) "had come to believe that, for the sake of England's survival, the attempt to inquire about peace terms should not be avoided, and that here Churchill . . . ought to be stopped in his tracks."

Rather than play the admirable part of Chamberlain in Churchill's government (though, alas, Sharon is no Churchill), Peres opted for the disgraceful role of Halifax, even to the extent of openly boasting that he was keeping Sharon from plunging the Middle East into a

[6] Among the columnists, Thomas L. Friedman of the *New York Times* is widely thought to have changed his mind about the peace process. But this relentlessly complacent journalist has never said that *he* was wrong about Arafat. So far as he is concerned, his analysis was right, and it is no fault of his that the PLO leader stupidly refused to act in accordance with it.

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large-scale war. Day and night he went hither and yon begging Arafat and/or his henchmen to declare yet another farcical "cease-fire" that would precede yet another farcical series of "peace" negotiations.[7]

Seen through the lens of fantasies impervious by now to any and all realities, such meetings made perfect sense to Peres. Summing up an extensive interview with him, the *Jerusalem Post* reported:

> Despite an Oslo process that has gone belly-up, nine months of terror and violence, and growing calls inside Israel to look for an alternative to . . . Arafat, . . . Peres said yesterday he feels the Palestinian leader can regain the trust of the Israeli public. . . . As to those who say that Arafat defines himself by the struggle against Israel and is therefore constitutionally unable to end it . . . , Peres says: "How do they know what is really happening in the heart of a leader?"

How? By what he does, Mr. Foreign Minister, and by what he does not do.

IF WE can credit a number of articles that have recently been published, despair is settling over Israel. We can't make war, Israelis say, and we can't make peace. Many, both on the Left and the Right, now talk of "separation": that is, a unilateral declaration by Israel of its own boundaries, inside which it would seal itself off with fences and walls from the Palestinians outside. Yet even if this could work, there would still be close to a million Palestinians, citizens of Israel, inside. Concentrated in the Galilee, they could—to evoke another analogy with the 1930's in Europe—easily become a kind of Sudetenland where the people were citizens of the Czech Republic but were mainly ethnic Germans sympathetic to Hitler.

Indeed, some Israeli Arabs, for the first time since the establishment of the Jewish state, have been demanding recognition as a "national minority." Yosef Goell, in a piece in the *Jerusalem Post*, has clarified the significance of this development:

> To some of us, the difference between an "ethnic" and a "national" minority may sound like a piece of semantic quibbling. It is not. "National" entails demands for a far-reaching grant of territorial and political autonomy, which in most cases leads to a violent irredentist campaign for total separation. Granting such a demand would mean turning Israel into the blood-drenched equivalent of Bosnia, Kosovo, and now Macedonia.

Is there then no glimmer of light at the end of this dark and gloomy tunnel? I would be less than honest if I suggested that I could see any. As matters stand for the foreseeable future, Israel's only realistic choice is to hold tight, to keep its powder dry, to refine the anti-terrorist techniques it has already developed, to ensure the credibility of its military power as a deterrent against larger-scale attack, and to use that power if and when the Arabs force it to.

But there is a future beyond the foreseeable one; and in that future things may change. The regnant cliché is that the Arabs and the Jews have been fighting each other for hundreds of years, but in truth the Arab war against Israel is at most a century old. When we recall that it took more than three centuries before war between France and Germany became unthinkable, we realize that the Arab struggle, first against the establishment of a Jewish state and then against its continued existence, is still, relatively speaking, in an early stage.

This means that the day may yet come when the Arab world will make its *own* peace with the existence of a Jewish state; and on that day, making peace with Israel will be as easy as it is now impossible. It is a day that may even come sooner than people like me expect, just as the collapse of the Soviet Union did. But deluding oneself into thinking that it has already come—which is what the architects of Oslo did—can do Israel no good. As for the revisionist effort to persuade the world that the delusion was no delusion, it stems either from intellectual dishonesty or from criminal stupidity that can only wreak further harm.

I HAVE not put much stress here on American policy because ever since Peres and Rabin, by embracing Oslo, went further than any administration in Washington (even the one headed by the elder George Bush) had dared to demand, Jerusalem has called most of the shots rather than being pushed by the United States. Certainly, the fear of displeasing Washington (and hence losing American help of various kinds) has exerted a pressure of its own on Israeli leaders, including Sharon. But except when Benjamin Netanyahu was prime minister and tried to slow the Oslo process a bit, the Israelis have been the engine pulling the Americans forward, and not the other way around.

Now the question is whether all this will change. George W. Bush entered the White House with a

[7] For the record, I should make it clear that Sharon authorized Peres's efforts, and in this the Israeli prime minister did resemble Churchill, who allowed Halifax to explore the possibility of a "soft peace." Churchill did so because he was then in a weak political position and feared that Halifax's resignation would cause the downfall of the government. Sharon seems to have been motivated by a similar fear, compounded by his worries about American support.

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wise disinclination to follow Bill Clinton's example of stationing himself between the Israelis and the Palestinians. But for this he was roundly criticized both at home and abroad—the French foreign minister, as quoted by the *Jerusalem Post*, actually compared "the Bush administration's handling of the situation to Pontius Pilate's ordering the crucifixion of Jesus Christ." The domestic pressures on the President contained nothing remotely so bizarre or incongruous or downright demented as this demonstration of what has become of the "lucidity" for which the French were once famous. Yet being banged on every day was understandably causing the President to waver, with his original reluctance in danger of losing out to the sporadically manifested impulse of his Secretary of State, Colin Powell, to become more actively "engaged."

Such "engagement"—either by the United States alone or in conjunction with international "observers" or "monitors"—was only a euphemism for tying Israel's hands behind its back, while allowing terrorism to go on its grisly way, undeterred by anything but unctuous words of disapproval. Why else would Mubarak, and Arafat himself, have vociferously clamored for more active American and/or international involvement?

Bush appeared to have an intuitive grasp of this, but not full clarity. On the one hand, he continued reiterating that there could be no progress toward peace, and no role for Washington, until Arafat "put 100-percent effort into solving the terrorist activity." Yet no sooner would he say such a thing than the State Department would blast Israel for its latest "escalation." And on more than one occasion, the President was seduced into urging both sides to "show restraint on all fronts," or would slip into using a phrase Powell had borrowed from Dennis Ross about the "cycle of violence."

The implication of this phrase is that anything Israel does in responding to terrorist attacks is morally equivalent to the attacks themselves. If Sharon sends tanks or planes to threaten or retaliate against a terrorist stronghold, he is accused of using "excessive force," even when the building he hits is empty. If, to minimize collateral damage to innocent bystanders, he adopts the still more discriminating tactic of targeting the leaders of a suicide-bomb campaign, or individuals known through intelligence to be on their way to a mission, he is reproached for a policy of "assassinations." (This policy, not so incidentally, has foiled at least 50 more missions like the ones at the Tel Aviv disco and the Jerusalem pizzeria and the restaurant near Haifa.) And if he merely increases or tightens check-points to screen Palestinians coming to work in Israel from PA territory, long stories are published in the American media about the "humiliation" undergone by innocent people as a result of this terrible inconvenience, with the State Department then pitching in to make the charge official.

I am reminded of the French couplet Daniel Patrick Moynihan cited when, as the American ambassador to the UN in the mid-1970's, he was sharply criticized for responding to rhetorical assaults on the United States: *Cet animal est très méchant, / Quand on l'attaque, il se défend* ("This animal is very wicked. When attacked, it defends itself").

President Bush was also being urged to intervene by diplomatic exiles-in-waiting like Martin Indyk, whose confident advice betrayed not the slightest awareness that through their sorry record as cheerleaders for Oslo, they had forfeited any claim to a hearing. If in the end Powell and those (currently) outside agitators, bolstered by Mubarak and the Europeans, should prevail, there can be no doubt that Bush will suffer the same fate as Clinton—who, upon being praised by Arafat as a great man, shot back: "I am not. I am a colossal failure, and you made me one."

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Is Europe a Threat?

Irwin M. Stelzer

BATTLES OVER budgets, education, stem cells, and other domestic issues may be taking up most of George W. Bush's time, but, try as he might, no President can long avoid foreign policy, which comes at him not only in the guise of great headline-making crises but in quieter if no less unsettling forms. Before long, indeed, Bush may find himself compelled to decide a matter that has not been thoroughly reconsidered for over 50 years: namely, America's relation to Europe.

Ever since the end of World War II, we have consistently encouraged the nation-states of Europe to become more like us—to integrate their economies, to come together behind a single foreign policy, and to end the national rivalries that twice in the 20th century dragged America into bloody wars. A United States of Europe, we reasoned in the late 1940's, would help secure peace by binding Germany so tightly into all-European institutions as to prevent still another round of bloodshed. It would spur prosperity by bringing down barriers to trade on the Continent itself and, by extension, with us. And, as Henry Kissinger would famously put it, it would give our State Department a single telephone number to dial in an emergency.

This policy won acceptance on both sides of the Atlantic. First, it met the perceived needs of Europeans themselves. For Germans, it offered a way to assure the world that they had broken with their history of trying to unify Europe by the sword. For the French, it was a way of combining their country's limited economic strength—limited as compared to the United States—with that of others, and of controlling the whole with their superior bureaucratic skills. Several smaller countries perceived union as a means of sharing in the wealth that would flow from richer Germany and France to them. And, of course, idealists everywhere saw the goal of an "ever-closer union" as the key to peace.

A second impulse toward union came from without: the fear of an expansionist Soviet Union, its westward-looking ambitions whetted by continued squabbling among the European states and/or discord between Europe and America. To contain the Soviet threat, the United States needed both bases and allies, while Europe needed the shelter provided by the American nuclear umbrella. Relatively trivial differences—and all differences were relatively trivial compared with the magnitude of the Soviet danger—could not be allowed to disrupt the solidarity symbolized by and embodied in the NATO pact.

As everyone knows, the experiment worked. The

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Soviet Union was held at bay until it finally collapsed, and in the wake of that collapse the European nation-states not only accelerated their moves toward economic union but moved rapidly to fashion ever more centralized institutions of governance. In fact, the European Union (EU), now fifteen nations strong, is on the way to becoming a superstate of its own.* And this, in turn, is compelling both the Europeans and the Americans to take a fresh—and, in the event, rather acrimonious—look at where their respective self-interests lie.

The reexamination is taking place against the background of the undeniable successes achieved by Europe. Peace—more or less—prevails on the Continent, and the threats to its tranquility are, at least for now, local and manageable rather than global. Many, although far from all, of the intra-European barriers to free trade have come down, to the benefit of all EU members. The economies of the poorer countries—ranging from Spain to Ireland—have been enriched by income transfers from the EU's richer members.

Much progress (to use a descriptive term preferred by EU advocates) has likewise been made, though not without controversy and dissent, in turning over to the European Union some of the traditional functions of individual sovereign governments. All but three members—the holdouts are Great Britain, Sweden, and Denmark—have ceded control over their money supply, interest rates, and exchange rates to the European Central Bank (ECB) in Frankfurt. By next year, the new monetary reality will be brought home to Europe's citizens with great force as their marks, francs, and other national currencies disappear from circulation, replaced by the euro that is already the area's single currency in all but daily physical presence.

Important as this single step is, many more are on the way. Gerhard Schroeder of Germany and Jacques Chirac of France may differ on details, but they agree that they are after much more than a common market or even a mere federation of sovereign nations. In the words of David Marquand, writing in the *New Statesman*, they are "supranationalists," driving toward a true central government complete with a parliament, courts, an army, a single foreign policy, a harmonized tax system, a constitution, and much other paraphernalia designed to supplement and, better still, displace many of the functions previously reserved to national institutions. Working prototypes already exist in such established entities as the Council of Ministers, the European Parliament, and the Court of Justice. In the European Commission, headquartered in Brussels, a fully empowered executive branch is operating, with all its bureaucratic ganglia intact.

But now the EU has arrived at a crossroads. On the one hand, it must look inward and revise its own apparatus so as to accommodate some ten new applicants for membership. It must also decide whether and how to maintain its members' steadily enlarging welfare states in the face of competition from lower-cost producers in Asia and the Americas, and demographic trends that are increasing the number of retirees relative to the size of the productive work force. It must choose between the model of increased social spending and taxation favored by Belgium, which currently occupies the rotating EU presidency, and the supply-side reforms preferred by Spain, which succeeds to the chair next year. It must convert its new currency into an asset the world's investors are willing to hold, a goal that has so far eluded the European Central Bank. And, since the ideal held so fiercely by the likes of Schroeder and Chirac is still far from being embraced wholeheartedly by the European "street," it must somehow expand the constituency among Europeans themselves in favor of closer integration.

On the other hand, and equally important, the EU must look outward, and define its role in the world. With the cold war over, Europe enjoys a freedom of maneuver that it has not had in over a half-century. But independence has a price, though one the EU has so far steadfastly refused to pay. That price entails assuming a larger share of the burden of keeping the peace, both in Europe's own backyard and around the world. The EU must decide whether it intends to accomplish this without simultaneously subverting the NATO alliance that has served the world so well or, as the French would prefer, by dismantling or at least neutering NATO and thereby also reducing American influence in Europe.

And thereby hangs another tale. For it is no secret that the EU, as it has strengthened itself economically and politically, has come to define itself as a rival to America's "hegemony" in the post-cold-war world, or that deep and long-festering resentments of the United States have come to the surface among Europeans, especially European elites. So America, which for decades has devoted

* The member states of the EU are Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, and the United Kingdom.

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large resources to NATO and Europe, is likewise at a crossroads, and faces some hard decisions.

WHEN OUR foreign-policy establishment encouraged the Europeans to integrate their economies, we surely did not anticipate that one result would be a large economy intent on challenging the United States for world economic leadership and the dollar as the world's reserve currency. When we encouraged the Europeans to do more for their own defense, we hardly intended for them to form a defense force independent of NATO. And when we encouraged the Europeans to set up one telephone number that we could call, we did not intend it to be answered by a French policy-maker whose most frequent response would be "*non*."

But, in a perfect example of that darned law of unintended consequences, this is what has happened. To be sure, an element of competition with the U.S. has always accompanied the effort to bind Europe together more closely; the French in particular have long viewed union as a tool for advancing their own international ambitions, which since the days of de Gaulle if not earlier have included reducing American power. But the current situation is different and more worrisome.

Much hostile feeling is directed at the new American President and his administration. With the exception of friendly governments in Great Britain, Spain, and Italy, European leaders, seconded by European editorialists, have made few bones about their extreme displeasure with George W. Bush's decision to state publicly that the United States would never ratify the Kyoto Protocol on global warming because doing so would damage the American economy without solving the problem, if there is one, of global warming; or to announce that he sees it as his moral obligation to protect the U.S. by means of a missile-defense system even if that means exercising the nation's right to abrogate the Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty. No less extreme have been European expressions of distaste for the social and cultural milieu from which the new President emerged, a Texas that loves its guns, its giant sports-utility vehicles, its religiosity, and its right to execute murderers who have exhausted their decades-long legal appeals. As the conservative *Daily Telegraph* of London put it, "The arrival of a Texan conservative, with ties to Christian fundamentalists and strong opposition to abortion, has brought the flood of hostile feelings into the open."

But as this comment itself suggests, it would be a mistake to attribute European dissatisfaction to feelings about Bush alone. America's emergence as the world's sole superpower—or, to use the expression preferred by French politicians, "hyperpower"—has led much of Europe into a reactive mode. Goran Persson, the prime minister of Sweden, used a press conference during his term as EU president to declare that Europe's new role was to serve "as a balance to U.S. domination." What this really means, according to Jeffrey Gedmin of the New Atlantic Initiative, a Washington-based international think tank, is that, for the EU, "whatever diminishes the stature of the United States is of benefit to Europe."

Having worked for decades to encourage a united Europe, America thus appears to face an emerging continental superstate defiantly determined to cut *it* down to size. Certainly, to anyone following Europe's media, or listening to the speeches of its leaders, there can be no mistaking the seriousness of that determination. But before asking what should be done about it, we should first ask how plausible this goal is. Does the EU possess, or will it soon possess, the sort of power, military or economic, that could place it on an equal footing with the U.S., or at least close enough to be able to frustrate American policy?

THE EU's interest in building a military capacity of its own is fairly recent. Ironically enough, it originated with Tony Blair, a European leader eager to retain his position as America's first friend. In the wake of Europe's utter failure to end the slaughter in the Balkans without U.S. help, Blair proposed that the Treaty of Nice—the comprehensive intra-EU agreement completed late last year—provide for an all-European peacekeeping force, to be deployed in conflicts in which the United States has no interest of its own at stake.

Blair himself had no desire to challenge NATO's preeminence in European security arrangements; quite the contrary. But his proposal played into the hands of France, which has long bridled at America's military influence on the Continent. During the marathon negotiations leading up to the signing of the treaty, President Chirac and Prime Minister Lionel Jospin of France persuaded Blair to accept clauses making it clear that the new European rapid-reaction force, as it is officially called, would be able to operate independently of NATO, with an "autonomous capacity to take decisions." As if to emphasize the point, the force is to have its own uniforms, flags, marching song, and military hardware, and its commander will come from Fin-

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land—a nonmember of NATO. The aim, according to the declaration adopted by the EU at the conference that preceded Nice, is for Europe to "make its voice heard in world affairs."

What remains to be seen is whether this army will ever look formidable somewhere other than in the minds of EU planners. Its goal—sustaining 60,000 troops in the field for a year—will require a total pool of 200,000 available troops plus three mobile corps headquarters. Even its most ardent advocates concede that this target is ambitious; it certainly cannot be realized without reducing the forces available to NATO.

As for the British government, despite Blair's acquiescence, and his stated willingness to contribute troops that his military advisers say cannot be spared from other missions, it remains wary of any European arrangement that would endanger military relations with the United States. A special concern in this regard is intelligence, an area in which cooperation between the two countries is intimate and longstanding. If Europe requires Britain to share sensitive material gathered from American sources, the U.S. intelligence community—as the British have every reason to know—will pull away from any further cooperation, so distrustful are the Americans of the French, who are widely thought to have leaked information during the recent war in Kosovo.

More pointedly, even France, the great booster of the rapid-reaction force, appears to have little appetite for devoting the necessary resources to it. Chirac and Jospin have approved a new defense budget for 2003-08 that is slightly *smaller* than the last five-year budget. In addition, even while insisting that the European army's planning staff must be independent, they have had to concede that it would need access to NATO's airlift capacity and intelligence apparatus.

As the American defense analyst Richard Perle has archly observed, paraphrasing Voltaire on the Holy Roman Empire, the rapid-reaction force outlined in the Treaty of Nice would be neither rapid, nor capable of reacting on its own, nor much of a force. Little wonder that eleven retired British and French generals and admirals recently charged the EU with "building a fictitious paper army [that] will only serve to weaken even further our national capabilities to the detriment of our own security."

In the economic realm, needless to say, the European Union is a far more impressive player. The EU's population of over 370 million exceeds that of the United States by about one-third. Its output of goods and services admittedly falls short of ours, but it absorbs over 20 percent of our exports and accounts for almost half of all direct foreign investment here. In the estimate of Gordon Brown, Britain's chancellor of the exchequer, two-way trade and investment between the U.S. and the EU now amounts to an astonishing $2 billion *every day*.

Yet if the EU is far from an inconsequential factor in the world economy, it is also hobbled by a refusal to respond to the demands of doing business in the new global marketplace. Leftist and left-of-center politicians—who control thirteen of the EU's fifteen states—remain wedded to policies that have put their economies at a serious and ongoing comparative disadvantage.

French bureaucrats make no secret of their distaste for what they consider the "red-in-tooth-and-claw" competition of American-style capitalism. Labor regulations in France are designed to provide high wages and short hours for those workers who actually have jobs, and generous income-transfer payments for those who do not. The result: high job security, high long-term unemployment, and very little leeway for French companies seeking more flexibility in hiring, firing, closing redundant factories, or organizing work flows.

In Germany, the story is very much the same. Faced with rising unemployment, Gerhard Schroeder has explicitly rejected any move in the direction of American-style "hire-and-fire" policies. In as clear a statement of antipathy to flexible labor markets as one could ask for, he told the magazine *Stern*, "Your average worker is not there to be pushed around by capital and thrown out in the street in a downturn. I am interested in the fate of a worker's family. That's why I am a social democrat." Unable to get rid of workers, companies are disinclined to hire them.

Thanks to the dominant role played by France and Germany, such policies are slowly being imposed on the entire fifteen-nation organization. EU-wide rules have been designed to eliminate market competition among members, so that the less costly welfare states do not put pressure on the more generous ones to lower their benefits. The European Court of Justice recently ruled, for example, that Britain must align its policies with the EU and require employers to give four weeks of paid leave each year to part-time workers, thus wiping out a significant portion of Britain's advantage in the cost of such labor.

The result of these policies has been to make the European economy, for all its prowess in certain sectors, a rather weak competitor, even at a moment

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like the present one when the U.S. economy is slowing down. The EU itself estimates that hourly labor costs in the twelve-nation Euro-area exceed those in the United States by over 30 percent, and the gap seems to be widening. Unemployment has averaged twice the level of the U.S. in recent years, with France's jobless rate sometimes almost triple our own. The same goes for productivity rates: falling in the EU, steadily rising in the U.S. As beleaguered managers in EU countries will attest, costs have mounted with every new rule and regulation issued by Brussels, a situation perhaps best symbolized by the fact that it is now more expensive to manufacture a Mercedes in Germany than in America.

Still more troubling for these countries, especially Germany, is the capital flight that has been spurred by the Continent's ever more intrusive regulations and high tax rates. Last year alone, European companies poured a quarter of a trillion dollars into the United States; European investors purchased $165 billion in U.S. corporate bonds in the twelve months ending May 31, and invested $134 billion in American shares despite the recent stock-market swoon. This capital flight has not been slowed by America's current economic difficulties or by the less attractive interest rates that the Federal Reserve Board's monetary policymakers have introduced to stimulate the U.S. economy.

There is no mystery here: European investors have quite sensibly preferred the relatively low-tax, low-regulation environs of America (and, at least for now, Britain) to the increasingly overregulated and overtaxed economies of the Continent. In Germany, taxes have been so high—the average unmarried German production worker keeps 23 percent less of his wages than does his American equivalent—that evasion has become a national pastime; Germans with undeclared deutschmarks are attempting to spirit them to Switzerland for conversion into Swiss francs before early next year, when they will either have to dump them or turn them in for euros, thus prompting embarrassing questions. German border controls have been tightened in an attempt to prevent citizens from leaving the country with money that the taxman feels is rightfully his.

But the leaders of the EU, determined as they are to maintain and extend a massive Franco-German-style welfare state, and the power that such an economic/social policy confers upon a nation's governors, have so far eschewed the policy changes that Europe's difficulties would appear to dictate. As Anne Applebaum has written in the London *Spectator*, "Above all, the European Left doesn't like tax cuts, which threaten its own assumptions—and could even threaten its own power if they were ever to catch on over here." Still another reason for European politicians to dislike George W. Bush: his tax-cutting example might prove contagious.

FOR ALL the EU's military and economic deficiencies, perhaps the most serious obstacle to its superpower aspirations is the unwieldy and undemocratic bureaucracy that determines its policies, and whose worst tendencies promise only to grow.

The European Central Bank, intended to be the equivalent of our Federal Reserve, is something of a laughingstock among the world's central bankers, currency traders, and economic policy-makers. Though some of the ECB's problems are attributable to the mismanagement of its president, Wim Duisenberg—known in financial circles as "dim Wim"—the deeper problem is intrinsic: its charter calls upon it to set a one-size-fits-all interest rate for the twelve economies that have ceded control of these rates to the ECB, and for all others that will adopt the euro in the future. Since some of these twelve economies (Spain, Ireland, Portugal) are in the process of overheating, while others (France and Germany) are simultaneously dipping into recession, even a European clone of Alan Greenspan would be hard-pressed to tell a dim Wim what rate might be appropriate for all of Euroland.

In its defense, the ECB might point not just to the intrinsic difficulty of its mission but to the confused direction it has received from its political masters. Article 105 of the Maastricht Treaty (which called the EU into being) names as the bank's primary goal the maintenance of price stability, but the same article directs it to support the "general economic policies in the Community," and these include "a high level of employment." The goal of stable prices was set in deference to Germany, a nation with a history that makes clear the dangers of hyperinflation; the goal of full employment was set by France, a nation prone to riots by workers threatened with redundancy.

The problem of Europe-wide economic management is compounded by the straightjacket imposed by the EU's "stability and growth pact." Any member country that runs a fiscal deficit of more than 3 percent of GDP is subject to huge fines. This forecloses the possibility of tax cuts that, while creating temporary deficits, might in the proper

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circumstances not only help forestall or shorten a recession but increase long-term economic growth and tax revenues.

Rigidity in the formulation and execution of economic policy is matched, finally, by rigidity in foreign policy—as a rueful Henry Kissinger, for one, has recently had occasion to observe. "When America encounters spokesmen for the unified Europe," he writes in his new book, *Does America Need a Foreign Policy?*, "it discovers that its interlocutors have very little flexibility, because decisions taken by the [EU] Council of Ministers can be altered only by going through the entire internal European process again." It is no doubt convenient for Secretary of State Colin Powell to be able to place a call to Javier Solana, the EU's high representative for foreign and security policy. But after the usual pleasantries, Solana can only relay a position—a non-negotiable position—laboriously worked out by a fifteen-nation consortium, and hardly likely to be sensitive to American interests.

These problems, which beset every aspect of policy-making, are likely to grow still worse. For one thing, the EU shows no sign of reversing the centralization that has been its hallmark. Brussels's tireless bureaucrats steadily grind out regulations to govern employer-employee relations, limiting (say) the permissible work-week of British cabbies; to harmonize various aspects of life, for example by making it a criminal offense for UK greengrocers to use pounds and ounces rather than metric weights; to set Euro-wide standards for everything from the size and strength of condoms to the specifications for supermarket carts and what may or may not be labeled "chocolate"; and to define just what human-rights protections EU members must confer on minorities, including gays and other groups Brussels decides are inadequately protected by member states.

The internal mechanisms by which the particulars of these policies are determined, moreover, can only become more cumbersome as the EU tries to incorporate ten Eastern European countries over the next decade. When two dozen countries are each demanding a say, the governing institutions of the EU may simply freeze up. The sheer weight of the translation problem, and the paper it will generate, may prove an insuperable burden—the European Commission estimates that enlargement by ten countries will require 400 new interpreters, an expansion of its total administrative staff by 2,500 employees, and an increase of $22 million in its budget for recruitment, translation, and editing costs. A proposal that millions of pages of early drafts of documents be only in English has led to charges of "unilinguism" by the French and Germans, and has been shelved.

EU governance structures are not only rigid and cumbersome, they are incorrigibly elitist, suffering from what both critics and advocates have rightly referred to as a "democratic deficit." Today, however, the relative quiescence of the European "street" has begun to give way to a growing demand for a greater role—or at least a veto—in EU policy-making. Reminding their masters that policies formulated by unaccountable politicians might not always be accepted by the putative beneficiaries, Irish voters recently rejected the Nice Treaty, just as the Danes earlier voted against replacing their krone with the euro. More skirmishes of this kind may be safely predicted.

Does all this mean that the U.S. can afford to ignore challenges from the EU, or to be indifferent to the growing trans-Atlantic breach, secure in the knowledge that, as a serious rival, the EU will simply never get off the ground? Hardly.

In purely commercial terms, European hostility may yet prove harmful to American companies and consumers. Our rejection of the Kyoto Protocol, and especially the less than felicitous manner of that rejection, have given the EU an excuse to threaten to discriminate against high-tech equipment manufactured by American firms in the areas of energy conservation and pollution control. Already, despite our common interest in smooth commercial relations, the EU has not hesitated to restrict imports of bananas produced by American companies and genetically modified foods produced by American farmers; to limit the ability of European broadcasters to show American-made television programs and play American music; to subsidize a European-wide competitor to Boeing; or to drag its feet on a new round of trade talks lest agricultural liberalization be on the agenda.

This protectionist attitude should come as no surprise. A Europe faced with persistent high unemployment but unable or unwilling to make the necessary structural reforms is more likely to turn to illiberal measures to mitigate the effects of its rigid labor markets and the impotence of its macroeconomic tools—with adverse consequences for American exporters and world trade alike.

The good news is that the possibility of an actual trade war is relatively small. All industrial nations recognize the threat posed by such a war, and the World Trade Organization, despite its many im-

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perfections, provides a useful forum for the adjudication of specific disputes. But the nuisance value of European economic attitudes is hardly negligible, and in any case the greater threat lies in the general European view that America is a rival with whom it need no longer cooperate. This, combined with the rigidity of the EU's institutions, will make it more difficult to cope with all sorts of international economic crises.

As the current slowdown in the American economy became apparent, the EU's first reaction was to dismiss the old adage that when America sneezes, Europe catches a cold. These days, said Euroland's central bankers, the European economy is so self-contained as to be immune to diseases blowing across the Atlantic. So they only belatedly and tentatively took steps to coordinate interest policy with the Federal Reserve Board. Instead, EU authorities passed the word that the fall of the euro against the dollar—until then, an embarrassment to the founders of the new currency—was really a virtue, as it would make European goods cheaper in America and American goods dearer in Europe, strengthening EU economies at the expense of the U.S. The technical term for this is "exporting recession," not generally considered by the unwilling importer to be a friendly act.

In the event, Europe has gotten more than a mild case of the sniffles. A slowing America is buying less of Germany's engineering products, putting that country's export-oriented economy on the verge of a recession that is rippling outward. If Europe continues to be unwilling to stimulate its economies in coordination with the United States, the worldwide slowdown may be prolonged still further.

But even were the Europeans willing, they might prove unable. As noted earlier, the Central Bank is hampered by its mandate to set a single interest rate, while in fiscal policy the EU countries are captives of a stability pact that must have John Maynard Keynes spinning in his grave. This combined inability to adopt monetary *or* fiscal policies sufficiently flexible to cope with changing conditions is bad news indeed, and not only for Europe.

If Europe can hamper our ability to cope with worldwide cyclical swings, no less nettlesome will be future European forays in the area of foreign policy. Today, for example, the EU wants an easing of sanctions against Iraq so that its members can profit from investments in that country's oil resources; a leader of the French oil industry told me that his nation's commercial interests must have priority over other considerations. Then, too, the EU heaps subsidies on the corrupt bureaucracy of the Palestinian Authority, rails against what it sees as American bias toward Israel, and reportedly has urged the United States to join it in an embargo of arms shipments to the Jewish state. EU bureaucrats see Kim Jung Il's North Korea and Fidel Castro's Cuba—the world's remaining Stalinist regimes—as victims of an excessively aggressive American foreign policy.

And so it goes. Europe's eagerness to prove that it can place limits on America's power when it chooses to do so was demonstrated in the recent fiasco over the Bush administration's decision to sell diesel-powered submarines to Taiwan. As it happens, we do not make these vessels; Germany and the Netherlands do, and they simply declined to fill the order.

The EU can cause problems for us in international bodies as well: it was the Europeans on the UN Human Rights Commission who decided they would rather have the company of Sudan and Libya than of America, engineering our removal from the commission in order to make us "think twice" (according to *Le Monde*) about our allegedly barbaric devotion to the death penalty. There is a long list of areas in which we could use but may be unlikely to get EU cooperation in international forums, from money laundering and drug trafficking to some aspects of environmental policy and research projects in social policy.

WHAT THEN should the U.S. do? One possibility is to react in kind and (to put it crudely) see how they like it. In his recent book, Henry Kissinger drops a not-so-heavily-veiled threat: "Those who seek identity via confrontation with America must not delude themselves into believing that the United States will remain forever passive when its policies are challenged as a matter of principle."

Kissinger's dictum is in keeping with the new mood in Washington, where the Clinton administration's emphasis on multilateralism and international institutions is being replaced by a more unilateral approach to foreign affairs. Richard Haass, director of policy planning at the State Department, calls the new policy "*à la carte* multilateralism. . . . We'll look at each agreement and make a decision, rather than come out with a broad-based approach." Whatever the correct term may be, there can be little question that the new administration is less tolerant of the EU's growing hostility to American influence and American values, less likely to be deflected from its chosen course by

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that hostility, and less patient with the Europeans' decreased willingness to follow the U.S. on major policy issues.

The U.S. might well decide, for example, that if the Europeans are unalterably opposed to a missile-defense shield, and want to remain vulnerable to missile attacks by rogue states, that is their business. And if the Europeans want the Yankees to go home, we can always use the freed-up military resources to good effect elsewhere in the world, or at home to meet domestic needs.

After all, as deputy secretary of defense Paul Wolfowitz has pointed out, the military threat in Europe is today "indisputably lower than the threat in other parts of the world"; specifically, the emergence of China as a world power requires increased American attention to Asia. Closer to home, the success of the North Atlantic Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) with Mexico and Canada suggests that there is benefit in increased relations and trade north and south of our borders; continued EU discrimination against America's three most efficient industries—agriculture, aircraft manufacture, and audio-visual products—makes it all the more tempting to devote our negotiating resources to more affable partners like Mexico and Canada, both of which have valuable energy resources that we need. There is also the possibility of better relations with a Russia that is, in any event, currently too weak economically to pose a direct danger to the United States.

Specifically, we might begin fashioning trade, economic, and foreign policies that no longer assume support from an EU that claims to want nothing more than to diminish our power and influence. Bilateral rather than multilateral trade deals that do not confer on the EU the benefits gained for U.S. companies might replace the more traditional treaties in which we have insisted that any advantages pried out of trading partners apply not only to us, but to all other nations.

It is true that we would pay a price for any such policy. In particular, ordinary Europeans, who traditionally have not shared the visceral hostility to America of their elites and media, might find themselves without an anchor or, worse, might begin to move into closer conformity with elite opinion; recent polls on the Continent suggest that this might already be happening. To which one might still reply: no matter, Ronald Reagan also aroused European enmity, and he won the cold war for them as well as for us.

But *is* that the right reply? To the extent that we make even fair-minded European voters nervous, we will also make it more difficult for those political leaders who are not committed to anti-Americanism as a way of life—and such leaders assuredly exist—to enlist themselves on our side in matters of national and international importance. A better course might therefore be to try shaping the EU to meet *our* needs and interests, and in accordance with our original vision of what a united Europe could be—namely, a peaceful and prosperous trading partner, and an ally when unified action is necessary to meet a military threat or an economic crisis.

That brings us back to Great Britain, and to its historic "special relationship" with the United States. Prime Minister Blair is anxious to preserve that relationship, while also serving as "a bridge" between us and Europe, of which he aspires to be a (the?) leader. During President Bush's recent trip to the Continent, he urged his fellow Europeans to tone down their aggressive rhetoric. To no particular effect: the media, feeding on an ample supply of leaks from EU politicians, labeled Bush a "murderer" for allowing the execution of Timothy McVeigh, a "thug," a "toxic Texan," and worse. This will not stop Blair from persisting in his role as America's friend in Europe and Europe's voice in America, but he is likely to find that the attempt to avoid a choice between "us" and "them" is doomed to failure. And soon.

Ireland's rejection of the Nice Treaty has put all of that document's provisions on hold. This gives the British prime minister an opportunity to rethink his support for the European rapid-reaction force. Should Britain please France by sticking to the definition of the new independent army as contained in the treaty, or do what is necessary to make certain that the new force will not undermine NATO? There simply is no "third way" here. But with ingenuity, perseverance—and a little discreet American help—Blair might yet turn things around. If he did, he would also help avoid a rift with the U.S. that, as he himself has frankly acknowledged, can only help "the bad guys."

Other opportunities exist on the economic front, where Blair is a member of what appears to be an emerging coalition within the EU for a freer market. Blair wants to break up the Continent's energy and telecommunications monopolies, to reform agricultural policy, to remove trade barriers with developing nations, and to make labor markets more flexible. His chancellor of the exchequer wants to reform the secretive and often chaotic procedures of the European Central Bank. Only by pressing hard on these issues can Britain hope to influence the EU for the better. Here, too, there is

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no third way, and the task is hardly easy, though the rewards would be great all around.

Other conspicuous members of the pro-freer-market coalition are José María Aznar and Silvio Berlusconi, the new prime ministers respectively of Spain and Italy. Not only do these men fail to share the visceral anti-Americanism of their EU colleagues, but both are also attracted by American-style, supply-side economic reforms. Spain's deputy prime minister, Rodrigo Rato, has announced that when Spain assumes the presidency of the EU in January 2002 it will press for deregulating Europe's energy and telecommunications sectors and for increasing labor-market flexibility, and will oppose tax harmonization and new taxes. Berlusconi plans to cut Italy's own tax rates, and has made it clear that he will support a U.S. missile-defense shield and stand with America against EU efforts to discriminate against U.S. goods and services. These are some of the men, and the policies, who might be usefully encouraged within the EU by an America that has avoided an outright break with it.

Still another source of optimism may lie in the EU's planned expansion to include the countries of Central and Eastern Europe. Having experienced what life can be like when being hugged by the Russian bear rather than sheltered under a U.S. umbrella, these countries are instinctively pro-American. As premier Mikulas Dzurinda of Slovakia puts it, "We have always perceived the United States as the protector of democratic principles in the world." They are also decidedly suspicious of statist policies; their eagerness to join the EU is traceable not to any love of Brussels but rather to an enthusiasm for markets and the free movement of goods. Although economically of much lesser significance, at least for the foreseeable future, they can add a strong voice in the councils of the EU on behalf of the ideas and principles that impelled the U.S. to encourage the formation of a united Europe in the first place.

AT THE moment, the EU has neither the economic strength, the governing institutions, nor the military ability to harm our vital interests. But it is capable of actions both annoying and debilitating. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that it is intrinsically incapable of getting its act together one day: managing its currency with greater skill, reforming its undemocratic and inflexible institutions, modifying its stability pact, and even coming up with the money for a credible military force.

That possibility, plus the fact that there are important areas in which America would benefit from closer cooperation with the European Union, suggest that we should make an effort to support our friends in Britain, Italy, Spain and other countries who are now or soon to be members of the EU, while never losing sight of the fact that others are ceasing or may have already ceased to *be* our friends. If we prove unsuccessful in dissuading a united Europe from its hostility to all things American—and I do not rate our chances excessively high—a redirection of central aspects of U.S. policy would seem very much in order. That is what President Bush will be forced to consider, and sooner rather than later.

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What the Vatican Knew About the Holocaust, and When

Kevin Madigan

In the early months of 1942, the newly formed state of Slovakia entered into negotiations with the government of Germany, and in particular with Adolf Eichmann, the Nazi official in charge of the "Final Solution of the Jewish Problem." The negotiations centered on the deportation to Galicia and Poland of the roughly 90,000 Jewish citizens of Slovakia. Eichmann demanded that Slovakia send only Jews capable of labor; the Slovak government, which represented a population that was almost entirely Catholic, initially complied, but was unhappy at being left with the care of the elderly and children. Accordingly, it proposed to Eichmann that, "in the spirit of Christianity," families be deported together. Eichmann grudgingly relented.

As news of the planned deportation spread, the panicked Jewish community in the capital city of Bratislava turned first to the Vatican *chargé d'affaires*, Monsignor Giuseppe Burzio, and then, because Burzio happened to be absent, directly to Pope Pius XII. An anguished letter of appeal composed by the community's leaders was entrusted to the papal nuncio in Budapest, Archbishop Angelo Rotta, through whom the letter reached the Vatican on March 13, 1942.

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"Most Holy Father," it implored, "No one [else] can help us." Not only had everything—businesses, homes, funds, even clothing—been taken away, but "we are to be shipped out to Lublin, Poland" and there "condemned to annihilation." Would the Holy Father, in the name of humanity and fellow feeling, admonish the president of Slovakia, himself a Catholic priest, to block their expulsion and certain massacre? "We place all our hope and confidence in Your Holiness, as the safest refuge of all the persecuted."

Less than two weeks later, the first transport of 1,000 young Slovakian Jews boarded a train bound for Auschwitz. Six weeks later, more than 40,000 of their countrymen and women had been deported.

"The safest refuge of all the persecuted." At the time, these words were loaded with an impossible pathos. Today, they are freighted with an irony their desperately sincere authors could never have intended. Far from being celebrated as a defender of the tyrannized, Pope Pius XII has today come to be excoriated for near-criminal passivity in crisis and even, by some, for complicity in genocide, falling under such severe censure that one writer, and a Catholic at that, has dared to christen him "Hitler's Pope."

II

This harsh judgment was unthinkable not only in 1942 but through the early 1960's. Although, during the war itself, opinion among leaders of the Allied governments was far from

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unanimous, after the war the chorus of praise was virtually unqualified. Almost everywhere, Pius was celebrated as a courageous antagonist of Nazism, a benefactor of victims of the war, and a compassionate leader in resistance and rescue efforts on behalf of Jewish civilians threatened with deportation. On the occasion of his death in 1958, no less significant a figure than Golda Meir, then foreign minister of the state of Israel, eulogized him as one whose "voice . . . was raised for the victims, . . . speaking out on the great moral truths." Similar sentiments were expressed by others, including President Dwight D. Eisenhower and Albert Einstein.

The chorus did not exactly stop singing in the 1960's. But it was unceremoniously interrupted by the loud dissent of a German playwright named Rolf Hochhuth. In Hochhuth's 1963 play *Der Stellvertreter* (*The Deputy*, a sarcastic twist on the Pope's claim to be the vicar of Christ on earth), Pius appears on stage condemning the wickedness not of the Nazis but of the Allies, whose acts of war have ruined the artistic heritage of Rome and depreciated the value of Vatican investments. When a messenger bursts into the room to tell the Holy Father about the death camps in Poland, Pius waves him off and continues to execrate the Allies.

Hochhuth's play was a popular smash, staged in virtually every Western country, translated into more than twenty languages, and inspiring more than 450 reviews and articles in English alone. Indeed, the Pius that most people came to know in the 1960's—and, I think, still know today—is traceable to *The Deputy* and its influence. This Pius is a cold, calculating figure, scandalously callous in the face of suffering and supine in the face of unspeakable crimes that, had he intervened with moral force and courage, he might have prevented. As Hochhuth himself put it, with the crudeness that marks every line of his drama, "Perhaps never before in history have so many people paid with their lives for the passivity of one single politician."

What brought about this sudden and astonishing transmogrification from moral hero to, as one of Pius's defenders has said, the protagonist of a black legend? Many factors can be adduced, but one of them was surely the reformist atmosphere of the time within Catholicism itself. By 1962, with the convening of the Second Vatican Council under John XXIII, the Church had just entered an unprecedented phase of self-examination and reconstruction, in which critics of its central authority were no longer dismissed as unregenerate foes. For many, the Hochhuth play raised painful questions about the role of the Catholic Church at all levels—not just the papal—during the Holocaust, questions that led to even more agonizing reflections on the credibility of Christianity itself.

IN THIS new atmosphere, and in the hope of preventing still further caricatures of Vatican activity, Pope Paul VI—who in 1963 succeeded John XXIII as pontiff—waived the usual 75-year moratorium on publication of materials from the Vatican archives and appointed a team of four Jesuit scholars to select and publish the war-connected acts and documents of the Holy See. The result was an eleven-volume collection consisting mostly of dispatches and telegrams sent between the Vatican and its international network of nunciatures and legations; included as well were memoranda and extremely valuable private notes written by the upper-echelon staff in the office of the Vatican secretary of state.

While hardly without flaws—the editors chose not to publish a number of crucially informative documents, and their principles of selection were sometimes questionable—these volumes have proved an immense contribution to scholarship. And yet, over the fifteen or so years in which the documents were being published, let alone in the two decades since the appearance of the last of them in 1981, they have been but meagerly consulted by many of those who have entered the debate over what the Vatican knew about the Final Solution and why it acted as it did. Although the number of such combatants has grown exponentially in the last few years, with both detractors and defenders of Pius jumping into an increasingly emotional, not to say venomous, fray,* neither side has distinguished itself by deep immersion in the published documents upon which any informed historical or moral judgment must be based.

And this is to say nothing of the Vatican's *unpublished* documents. These, indeed, have recently become the occasion of a quarrel. In July, a special panel of Jewish and Catholic historians, appointed jointly by the Vatican itself and an international Jewish organization, suspended its work amid accusations that the Holy See was refusing to release all of its relevant archival material. Responding for the Vatican, the Rev. Peter Gumpel said that the documents already shown to the historians demonstrated conclusively that Pius had "made every possible effort to save as many lives as possible."

*A newly published book by David I. Kertzer, *The Popes Against the Jews* (Knopf, 368 pp., $27.95), extends the controversy over the role of the Vatican in modern anti-Semitism backward in time to the age of the French Revolution.

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Gumpel is hardly alone in this judgment of the wartime record; as we shall see, one (Jewish) historian has even maintained grandiosely that Pius XII deserves to be regarded as a "righteous Gentile." But before any such claims and counterclaims can be considered, there is another, analytically prior one that begs to be examined.

In the wake of *The Deputy*, some defenders of Pius argued emphatically that both he and the Vatican were, in fact, largely *unaware* of the horrors being perpetrated in Russia, Poland, and elsewhere, and of their awesome and cruel dimensions; or, at the least, that the Vatican was dependent upon reports that were as nebulous, tendentious, or unverifiable as they were scanty. Among those making this argument were, as it happens, the Jesuits who would become the editors of the Vatican war documents. More recently, the last surviving member of that team, the historian Pierre Blet, contended in *Pius XII and the Second World War* (1999) that "as long as the war lasted, the fate of the deportees was shrouded in obscurity"—Blet also uses the phrase, "a curtain of fog"—and that the Pope had no knowledge of the extent of the Holocaust until the end of the war.

But does the evidence, whether published or as yet unpublished, support this idea? The question is essential, for Pius XII cannot logically be criticized for inaction if he was ignorant of the monstrous crimes occurring in the East and across Europe. Only after answering it can one proceed to such other questions as what the Vatican did or did not do with the knowledge it possessed; why it did what it did; and what else it might have done or should have done.

III

BY THE autumn of 1941, the expropriation and concentration of Europe's Jewish population were well under way. The *Einsatzgruppen*, the mobile killing units that followed behind German forces in Operation Barbarossa—the invasion and occupation of the Soviet Union—were doing their work. Upon arriving in a given locale, German SS and police personnel, with the aid of the Wehrmacht, first shot Jewish prisoners and then all Jewish men, women, and children as well as Roma (Gypsies), Soviet political personnel, partisans, and others judged racially or politically unacceptable. By the spring of 1943, more than a million Jews and tens of thousands of others had been shot to death by the men of these mobile squads. Some 33,000 would perish in the infamous two-day massacre at Babi Yar, a ravine northwest of the Ukrainian capital city of Kiev. Many there were killed in mobile vans by means of poison gas.

The Vatican had little information about this phase of the Holocaust. Nonetheless, some detailed data did arrive in Rome. There were at least four such reports, and they were among the very first to be reviewed by any government in the West.

The first, which arrived as early as late October 1941, came from one of the Vatican's own men, the *chargé d'affaires* in Slovakia whom we have already met. On October 27, Monsignor Burzio revealed in a letter to Secretary of State Luigi Maglione that, according to Slovak military chaplains returning from the front, Jewish prisoners of war on territories overrun by German forces were being shot at once. In addition, he said, Jewish civilians, regardless of age or gender, were being rounded up and systematically "suppressed" (*soppressi*, i.e., massacred).

The Vatican's response to this report was, to put it mildly, odd. Diplomats in the secretariat of state seemed less interested in the appalling details communicated by Burzio than in the precise identity of the perpetrators: was it Slovaks or Germans doing the shooting? On December 20, Burzio was asked to clarify.

His reply was over three months in coming, but what it lacked in promptness it made up for in precision of detail. "The massacres," Burzio wrote succinctly, "have been committed by squadrons of the SS by order of authorities of the German government." But then, as if to emphasize the main point, Burzio repeated, "All the Jews from a given locale were concentrated far from inhabited areas and massacred with machine-gun fire."

The second report arrived on March 19, 1942 in the form of a memorandum from two men based in Geneva: Gerhart Riegner of the World Jewish Congress and Richard Lichtheim of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. The memo had been given to Archbishop Filippo Bernardini, nuncio at Berne. It was not only long and detailed but, as it turned out, remarkably accurate. Outlining "rigorous measures" not just in Slovakia but throughout the occupied territories, Riegner and Lichtheim described the concentration of masses of Jews in "indescribable misery" and in epidemic conditions that "at this moment are literally decimating these populations." In addition to this slow and steady form of death, "thousands of Jews in Poland and in the parts of Russia occupied by Germany have been executed by German troops." The two men drew particular attention to Slovakia, Croatia, Hungary, and unoccupied France—i.e., Catholic or largely Catholic countries where such measures could "perhaps still be

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rescinded or at least alleviated *by the intervention of the Holy See*" (emphasis added).

We know for certain that Archbishop Bernardini forwarded this memorandum to the Vatican, and that it was received at the secretariat of state. We know because Bernardini's accompanying letter was published in Volume VIII of the official Vatican documents. But the editors omitted the actual text of the memorandum itself, sterilely observing in a footnote that "it gives a record of anti-Semitic measures taken in Germany and in the territories annexed by Germany or controlled by Germany."

A third document concerning the *Einsatzgruppen* massacres was a belated report from the Eastern Rite archbishop of Lvov. In the summer of 1941, thousands of Jews had been butchered by detachments of the mobile killing squads, not without the help of Ukrainian peasants. A year after the massacres began, the archbishop wrote to the Vatican:

> For no less than a year, there has not been a day when the most horrible crimes, murders, robberies and rapes . . . have not occurred. . . . [T]he number of Jews massacred in this our small region has certainly exceeded 200,000 . . . and as the army advances toward the East, the number of victims multiplies.*

A fourth and similarly disturbing letter arrived at the Vatican on December 12, 1942 from Anthony Springovics, archbishop of Riga in Latvia:

> The barbarity of nationalist doctrine has appeared in Latvia in all its cruelty and abomination: almost all of the Jews here have now been killed. Just a few thousand were left in the ghetto of Riga, the greater part of these imported from exterior regions.

The archbishop's information was quite accurate. In November 1941, Russian POW's had dug execution pits deep in the forest some miles away from the ghetto in Riga. To the edge of that forest, rows and rows of blue buses transported 27,000 Jews, who were shot there by the *Einsatz* squads over the course of just ten days.

By the end of 1942, then, the Vatican had received at least four reports about the *Einsatzgruppen* massacres, their credibility vouchsafed in three cases by the ecclesiastical status of their sources. All four reports would soon be eclipsed by a mound of communiqués about the horrors being enacted in obscure Polish towns with names like Treblinka.

IV

AT ABOUT the same time that he was clarifying exactly who was shooting innocent Jewish civilians in the overrun territories of the Soviet Union, the Vatican's *chargé d'affaires* in Bratislava was also reporting on deportations. On March 9, 1942, Burzio sent news of the "imminent" transport of Slovakian Jews to Galicia and the Lublin district, concluding that this was "the equivalent of condemning the greater part of them to their deaths." A day later, Archbishop Bernardini, the nuncio in Berne, forwarded a message to the same effect from Agudath Israel, the international organization of Orthodox Jews. Ten days later, the nuncio in Budapest reported a petition from the chief rabbi of Budapest begging the Pope to intercede on behalf of the Slovakian Jews.

In May 1942 another letter arrived, from the Italian priest Pirro Scavizzi. This remarkable man, having served as an army chaplain at the front in the Great War, and almost sixty years old when World War II broke out, had managed to get himself assigned as a military chaplain on the hospital trains of the Sovereign Order of Malta. In that capacity, working formally for the Axis powers, he traveled to Germany, Poland, and the Ukraine and was able, as he put it later in life, "to see at close quarters the appalling cruelties of the Hitlerite organizations, especially of the SS, and so to inform the Holy Father." In his May 12, 1942 report, he wrote on the basis of direct observation that the massacre of the Jews in the Ukraine was "complete." Meanwhile, he added, the "anti-Jewish struggle" in Poland was proceeding inexorably and "becoming worse" by means of deportations and mass executions.

The author of this document was someone whom the Vatican had no reason to distrust or to suspect of exaggeration or propaganda. (When Scavizzi died in 1964, he "was surrounded," in the words of one historian, "by the scarlet of cardinals, the violet robes of bishops, military uniforms, and uniforms of knightly orders.") He had easy access to the Pope and a relationship of trust with the Pope's family. Moreover, he was serving as a chaplain not just to the Italian army but also to the Wehrmacht, which gave him a close-up view of the atrocities.

At roughly the same time as Scavizzi's report on Poland, disturbing news was also arriving from

* By this time, deportations to the death camp at Belzec had begun; the archbishop was undoubtedly referring to these deportations as well as to executions by rifle fire and in mobile gas vans.

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Croatia. Although that country was statistically one of the most Catholic in Europe, the Holy See did not initially have diplomatic relations with the Ustasha regime there. Nonetheless, an "apostolic visitor," a Benedictine abbot named Giuseppe Marcone, served as de-facto nuncio, and on July 17 was able to report that Jewish civilians in Croatia had been prepared for deportation and almost certain death. The force of his communiqué was soon augmented by a dispatch to Pius XII by Miroslav Freiberger, chief rabbi of Zagreb. "The last remnant of our community," the rabbi's letter began, "finds itself in the most dire possible situation," and in this emergency "our eyes are fixed upon Your Holiness." Freiberger appealed to the Pope to help abandoned children and orphans, and women widowed by the deportation of their spouses, to remain in their homes.

Meanwhile, in Vichy France, the papal nuncio, Archbishop Valerio Valeri, was writing to the secretary of state that almost 13,000 "stateless" Jews—mostly Polish and Czech refugees then resident in France—had been concentrated in Paris for deportation to the Ukraine. One week later, Valeri could announce to Maglione that deportations were now occurring in the unoccupied sector of France as well. Perhaps most alarming, the transport included ill and elderly Jews who were clearly not being sent for purposes of labor. Valeri closed his letter by reassuring Maglione that he had defended the Pope against the charge that the Holy See was "shrouded in silence" in the face of diabolical evil.

Just a few days later, on August 10, Gerhart Riegner, the representative of the World Jewish Congress in Geneva, sent a telegram to his colleagues in London and New York. In this now-famous document, Riegner told urgently of an "alarming report" from someone with "close connections with the highest German authorities." According to Riegner's informant, a plan had recently been discussed in the headquarters of the Führer whose aim was to deport, concentrate, and exterminate "at one blow" the millions of Jews then still dwelling in territory controlled by the government of Germany. The timing and method of the extermination were not yet clearly established, but the autumn had been discussed and so, too, had been the use of prussic acid.

It is not clear whether this specific information ever reached the Vatican, but its general point was almost simultaneously to be confirmed for the German church, and possibly for the Vatican, by the enigmatic figure of Kurt Gerstein. Through a chain of almost incredible coincidences, it had fallen to Gerstein, an SS colonel who for reasons of his own had become obsessed with infiltrating the apparatus of death, to judge the feasibility of changing the deadly poison used in the gas chambers from carbon monoxide to Zyklon-B. In this capacity, and in the presence of the villainous Christian Wirth, the SS head of the death camps, Gerstein was able to witness, on August 19, 1942, the experimental gassing of some 5,200 Jews with carbon monoxide at Belzec.

In this case, the experiment was particularly gruesome. To begin with, it took almost three hours for the diesel engine to start and during the long wait the prisoners (according to Gerstein's report) could be heard loudly weeping. Finally the engine caught, and within a little over a half-hour the victims had all expired, the doors were opened, and a corps of "teeth commandos" stormed in and began to pry out gold teeth and crowns. Wirth collected a canful, crowing to Gerstein, "See for yourself the weight of that gold! You can't imagine what we find every day—currency, diamonds, gold."

Aghast, Gerstein wasted no time. On a train back to Berlin, with the improbability that seems to have marked his entire life, he happened to encounter the Swedish diplomat Baron Göran von Otter, to whom he uncontrollably blurted out the story of what he had witnessed. Back in Berlin, he then attempted to reveal the information to the officials at the papal nunciature, but they refused to hear him out because he was a soldier and thus presumed untrustworthy. Undaunted, he proceeded to the offices of the archbishop of Berlin and there handed a report to the legal adviser with the request that it be forwarded to Rome. Whether it was received there is unknown, but it seems altogether likely that it was.

At about the same time (August 31, 1942), a letter to the Vatican reported that 20,000 adults had been deported in cattle cars from Paris, with thousands of children left behind. The writer, a member of a Swiss rescue committee, pleaded with the Vatican to influence Catholic countries to open their doors to children separated from their parents "whom, without a shadow of a doubt, they will never see again." The phrase was significant: its writer knew, already in August 1942, that the deportees were not coming back, and Vatican authorities had to have feared the same.

In late September, Monsignor Montini, one of the two principal assistants to the Vatican secretary of

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state (and later to become Pope Paul VI), made note of an Italian source according to whom the massacres of Jews had reached proportions that were "horribly frightful." And, Montini had been told, worse was still to come. By the middle of October, the Germans would empty out whole ghettos containing "hundreds of thousands of languishing unfortunates." We know that Secretary of State Maglione read Montini's notes. His comment on them was: "I do not believe we have information that confirms this, in particular these most grave reports."

About two weeks later, the Vatican secretary of state received from Myron C. Taylor, the permanent American representative to the Holy See, the sort of confirmation he purported to need. According to two reliable witnesses whom Taylor designated "Aryans," the liquidation of the Warsaw ghetto was under way. Mass executions were taking place in "especially prepared camps," one of which, Taylor thought, was in Belzec. "There is," he went on, "not one Jew left in the entire district east of Poland, including occupied Russia." Did the Holy Father have any suggestions as to how further such barbarities might be frustrated?

Other sources generally confirmed Taylor's information. In a meeting on October 3, a Polish legation told Maglione that the Vilna ghetto was almost liquidated, and the Warsaw ghetto was being "methodically emptied." Each day, groups of more than 1,000 Jews were sent away by rail. It appeared that they were concentrated in a camp where they were immediately put to death by asphyxiation; in any case, none of their families ever received news of them again. It was estimated that in the course of the next month, the entire remaining population of the Warsaw ghetto—300,000 Jews—would be sent away.

In his notes on this meeting, Maglione identified the source of the information as "a citizen of a country of the Axis who had visited these parts." In other words, an eyewitness from an Axis country gave to the Vatican, in October 1942, essentially accurate information about the existence and purpose of the death camps. Another extremely reliable witness, the military chaplain Scavizzi, wrote again the same month to report that the elimination of the Jewish community in Poland was "almost total."

V

THIS BRINGS us to 1943, when reports of Nazi atrocity arrived with increasing rapidity. On March 12, the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of North America urgently wired Maglione about a cable it had just received from Warsaw. The cable read, in part:

> January Germans started liquidation of remnants Warsaw Ghetto. All over Poland liquidation proceeding. Liquidation of remnants planned for middle of February. Alarm the world. Apply to Pope for official intervention. We suffer terribly. Remaining few hundred thousand threatened with immediate annihilation.

Exactly two weeks later, the three rabbis who had composed the original cable appeared in the office of the apostolic delegate in Washington and "with tears in their eyes" tried to persuade him (as he reported to the Vatican) that "the Holy Father could with a public appeal and plea stop the massacre and deportation."

On April 8, 1943, Abraham Silberschein, president of the Committee for Assistance to the Jewish Population Injured by the War, passed on to the nuncio in Berne a report on the situation faced by the Jewish communities of Poland, Romania, and Transnistria. The report—one of those the Vatican editors elected not to publish—was accompanied by three snapshots giving rare photographic confirmation of the facts with which the Vatican had begun to be deluged.

And deluged is the word. The Pope himself, in an April 1943 letter to the archbishop of Berlin, stated that "knowledge reaches us of inhuman acts *day after day*" (emphasis added). In the same month, Maglione wrote in a private memo to himself that the "deportations en masse of the Jews . . . are presently *verified* in the various countries of Europe" (emphasis added). A few weeks later, Maglione again made a note to himself:

> Jews. Horrendous situation. 4.5 million Jews in Poland before the war, plus many deported there from other occupied territories. . . . There can be no doubt that the major proportion has already been suppressed. Special death camps at Lublin (Treblinka) and near Brest Litovsk . . . where they are finished off under the action of gas. Transported there in trucks for beasts, hermetically sealed.

But by then a pattern had been set. A mere four months later, more than 1,000 Roman Jews were shipped to Auschwitz "under the windows of the Pope"—in the phrase of Ernst von Weizsäcker, the newly appointed German ambassador to the Holy See. Not a word of protest was heard. On October 28, Weizsäcker was able to report with satisfaction that the Pope had "not allowed himself to be drawn into any demonstrative censure" of the deportation.

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VI

Let us sum up so far. First, the Vatican did have some information about the *Einsatzgruppen* massacres. Compared with what it would later learn about the death camps, this information was relatively sparse, and probably came too late to be acted upon—especially as this terribly brutal phase of the Holocaust ended rather swiftly. But the information was enough to prepare the Vatican for the news to come.

As for knowledge of the death camps themselves, it is imperative to be clear about what we mean by "know." Defenders of Pius who insist on his unawareness sometimes use a definition of "knowledge" that would equate it with absolute and perfect certainty; according to this definition, neither the Pope nor anyone else could have known anything at all. But by a simple, nontechnical definition of knowledge as acquaintance with the essential facts and trust in their basic solidity, the Vatican did clearly know about the death camps: about their existence, their purpose, their location, their mode of operation, and their effectiveness.

To be sure, the depth of its knowledge was not the same in March 1942 as it would become over the course of the next few months. And even later it may not have known *all* of the gruesome details—for example, that some of the children were being tossed alive into pits of burning human fat. But by October 1942 at the absolute latest the Vatican had detailed and accurate knowledge of the death camps and by late spring in the following year it had accurate knowledge of the overwhelming magnitude of destruction. Moreover, its information came from multiple sources, including not only trusted secular diplomats and Jews whose relatives, friends, or immediate families were under the threat of extinction but also the Vatican's own network of highly trained and able diplomats. These sources, while not completely in harmony, did tend to confirm one another as to the essential facts.

Thus, to the question, was the Pope unaware?—or, to put it another way, was the Pope inhibited from speaking out, or acting more decisively, for lack of knowledge?—the answer must be a resounding no.

Which only leads, of course, to another set of questions, of which the first is: what did the Vatican do, or fail to do, with its knowledge? On this matter, too, the documents shed some useful light.

Thus, in mid-1942, when the chief rabbi of Zagreb turned to Pius XII on behalf of the abandoned children and wives of the deported Croatian Jews, the Vatican secretary of state instructed the de-facto nuncio in Croatia to respond "prudently" and tactfully to the rabbi, reminding him that the Holy See always wished to alleviate suffering and had not neglected to "involve itself" on several occasions on behalf of persons recommended to it.

At about the same time, as we have seen, Archbishop Valeri of Paris wrote to the secretary of state of his efforts to defend the Pope against charges of silence, adding speculatively that what lay behind the Holy See's posture of "prudent delay and enlightened reserve" must have been the danger of new, draconian rigors in other parts of Europe, a danger that might actually be accelerated by public protest.

Such, indeed, was the Vatican's own response to the intercessions of others in those days. On August 3, 1942, Harold H. Tittmann, filling in as American representative at the Holy See (in the temporary absence of Myron Taylor) reported to Washington that he had attempted to rebuke the Holy See for failing to issue a public protest against Nazi atrocities. Vatican silence, he had warned, endangered the moral prestige of the papacy and was undermining faith in the Church and in Pius XII himself. But, according to Tittmann, such appeals were "without result," as he and other ambassadors were "invariably" reminded that the Pope had already condemned wartime offenses, and that to be more specific would "only make matters worse."

Later that same year, the American and British diplomatic corps made another effort. In a conversation with Maglione, Tittmann mentioned a recent joint declaration of the League of Nations unequivocally denouncing the mass extermination of Jews in Nazi-occupied territory. Could the Holy See not issue a similar statement? Maglione repeated that the Vatican was doing everything possible privately; that publicly it could only denounce atrocities in general, not any particular atrocity; and that in any case it was unable to verify Allied reports regarding the number of Jews exterminated.

In his report, Tittmann cited rumors then circulating in Rome that the Pope might yet take a strong stand. In a very lengthy address delivered on Christmas 1942, the Pope did state that humanity owed a vow of solidarity and aid to "those hundreds of thousands who, without any fault of their own, sometimes only by reason of their nationality or race, are marked down for death or gradual ex-

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tinction." The sentiment was voiced almost *en passant*, and the unnamed "hundreds of thousands" were included in a list of six other specified groups. Still, the Pope would later assert that he believed this to be an explicit and firm condemnation of Nazi barbarity.

As it happens, some agreed. Thus, for the second year running, the editors of the *New York Times* praised Pius as "a lonely voice crying out of the silence of a continent." Perhaps more significantly, the bureaucrats at the Nazi Reich's main security office characterized the speech (in an internal memo) as "one long attack on everything we stand for" and complained that the Pope had made himself "the mouthpiece of the Jewish war criminals."

But most listeners seem not even to have noticed the passage in question, much less to have regarded it as a denunciation of Nazi atrocity. For his part, Mussolini contemptuously dismissed the speech as laden with platitudes, worthy not of the Vicar of Christ but of some low parish priest. On the Allied side, the president of the Polish government in exile, Wladislaw Raczkiewicz, drew up an impassioned letter of outrage, reminding the Pope that "divine law knows no compromise" and insisting that the Apostolic See break its silence and "show clearly and distinctly where the evil lies."

Apparently, Pius XII was blindsided by such criticism. Shortly after the Christmas Day message, Tittmann had an audience with the Pope. Was it not plain to everyone, the pontiff asked, that he was referring to the Poles, Jews, and other hostages when he declared that hundreds of thousands had been innocently victimized, sometimes only because of their race or nationality? When Tittmann responded that in fact many thought it was not clear, the Pope "seemed surprised." He went on to explain that he felt he could not *name* the Nazis without also mentioning Bolshevik atrocities. He added that Allied reports on the atrocities undoubtedly had some foundation but were likely to have been exaggerated for purposes of propaganda.

Here another pattern emerges. From it, one may conclude that, aware as he had to be of the horrors occurring in the East, Pius XII also wished, desperately, *not* to know, and thus made himself willfully ignorant. Despite inexorably growing evidence, he and his secretary of state pursued a policy grounded in willing disbelief and expressed in what Archbishop Valeri would tactfully refer to as "prudent delay and enlightened reserve." But a different and more sobering judgment, consistent with the documents, is that of the great scholar Guenter Lewy: "one is inclined to conclude that the Pope and his advisers . . . did not view the plight of the Jews with a real sense of urgency and moral outrage." The Vicar of Christ knew enough, but did not care enough, to speak more forcefully or to act more courageously than he did.

VII

DOES THIS mean, in turn, that Rolf Hochhuth was right after all when he portrayed Pius XII in *The Deputy* as reprehensibly complicit with the Nazis? Or that, to cite a more recent and devastating indictment, the British writer John Cornwell is right to depict Pius as "Hitler's Pope"?

Far from it. For all of his affection for Germany, the Pope loathed its fascist leader, and the idea that he was a crypto-Nazi or in any way sympathized with Hitler or his genocidal program is both grossly defamatory and absurd on its face. Moreover, although he never actively *opposed* Hitler, and was far from being a philo-Semite, he did do and say some things (if hardly with vigor) on behalf of threatened Jews. Above all, he permitted Catholic religious and lay men and women to rescue Jews in peril. He also allowed ecclesiastical institutions, including Vatican properties, to be used (with moderation and prudence) to shelter Jews, and food, clothing, and money to be distributed to such institutions. Several of his nuncios, particularly in Slovakia, Bulgaria, Romania, and Hungary tried valiantly to stop deportations. Perhaps most effectively, he helped prevent the deportation of Italian Jews while Mussolini was still in power, and on this score must be credited with saving lives. Finally, when the German occupation began, he threatened to protest the deportation of Jews from Rome.

Not "Hitler's Pope," then, let alone a force for demonic evil—but neither, to leap to the other untenable extreme, a "great and saintly man" (Peter Gumpel) or a force for individual or institutional heroism. Permitting the rescue of Jews—almost exclusively, be it added, *baptized* Jews—is rather a different thing from commanding or instructing their rescue; and as for the Pope's nuncios, they acted, so far as we know, largely if not entirely on their own. Concerning the deportation from Rome, the Vatican's threatened protest, as we have seen, never materialized.

But this brings us back to the claim to which I alluded early on, and of which a great deal has been made by Catholic defenders of the Pope and especially by those now pressing for his canonization: namely, that, in the words of David Dalin, Pius XII was, "genuinely and profoundly, a righteous Gen-

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tile." Dalin, a rabbi and historian, staked this claim in an article earlier this year in the *Weekly Standard* (February 26, 2001). In so doing, he borrowed a term used officially only by Yad Vashem, Israel's respected Holocaust Memorial Institute, to honor those who heroically and often at lethal peril to themselves and their families sheltered Jews from detention and deportation into the maw of death.

To dignify Pius as one of the "righteous" would thus place him in the company of undisputed moral seraphs like Raoul Wallenberg and Jan Karski. The former was the Swedish diplomat who risked his life to save thousands of Hungarian Jews from destruction. The latter, a Catholic, twice perilously infiltrated the Warsaw ghetto, quite possibly traveled to a transit camp from which Jews were sent to Belzec, and had a dentist pull several of his teeth so that, if stopped while carrying back to London the intelligence he had gathered about the Nazi apparatus of extermination, he could not be exposed by his Polish-accented German.

Does Pius belong in this moral category? Although the Vatican was, along with England, the government in the West best informed about Nazi atrocity, and although it received numerous appeals for speech or action from the Polish government-in-exile, from Allied diplomats, from Jewish leaders and organizations, and even from Catholic prelates (among others), Pius never came close to taking this sort of heroic action for the Jews. Whatever he did say—and Dalin is right to underline that he was not simply "silent"—it was never as emphatic, unequivocal, or explicit as, for example, the words he spoke on behalf of the city of Rome and its sanctity when pleading with the Allies to refrain from aerial bombardment, or as the words he spoke, after the war, against Communists and Communism.

Nor, as I have tried to suggest, did he do anything, by way of shelter and rescue, on anything like the magnitude suggested by his defenders. On this score, Dalin cites approvingly the Israeli author and diplomat Pinchas Lapide, who in *The Last Three Popes and the Jews* (1967) estimated that Pius "was instrumental in saving at least 700,000, but probably as many as 860,000 Jews from certain death at Nazi hands." Dalin also invokes the "many well-known Jews"—including Albert Einstein, Golda Meir, Moshe Sharett, "and innumerable others"—who after the war "publicly expressed their gratitude to Pius."

At the time Pinchas Lapide publicized his now thoroughly discredited estimates, he was attempting to secure Vatican recognition for the state of Israel. Meir and Sharett, foreign ministers of the new state, had similar motives. After the war, many Jewish families were also understandably anxious to recover children who had been hidden (most of them without the knowledge, encouragement, or permission of the Pope) by hundreds of Catholic religious houses and institutions throughout Europe, and thus had their own reasons to ingratiate themselves with the Vatican. Other statements are explainable by the campaign—in the end successful—to have the Vatican officially repudiate the age-old Christian charge that Jews were collectively guilty of deicide, and thus help prevent a catastrophic recurrence of murderous anti-Semitism. And some Jewish statements of thanks to the Pope were made, as the author Susan Zuccotti has put it, in "benevolent ignorance," or out of what she calls "exaggerated notions of Catholic centrality."

Dalin is certainly guilty of the latter. "Following Pius's instructions," he writes with poorly placed assurance, "individual Italian priests, monks, nuns, cardinals, and bishops were instrumental in preserving thousands of Jewish lives." Everything after the participial phrase is true; such churchmen and churchwomen, not to mention hundreds of Italian lay heroes, were instrumental in rescue. But the phrase "following Pius's instructions" assumes precisely that which remains to be proved and for which Zuccotti, in her thorough archival research, has found no evidence whatsoever. It is sheer fantasy to believe that Pius was managing even an Italian-wide campaign of rescue, much less a Continental one. More outlandish still is Dalin's assertion, in a recent interview with the Catholic news agency Zenit in Rome, that Pius XII "saved more Jewish lives than any other person"—including Wallenberg—and that he was "the greatest defender we Jews have ever had, and precisely at the time when we needed it."

VIII

Somewhat closer to the mark, although less pertinent to our theme, is Dalin's observation that "almost none of the recent books about Pius XII and the Holocaust is actually about Pius XII and the Holocaust." Rather, he writes, their real subject has to do with an intramural ecclesiastical debate over the present and future direction of the Church in which the Holocaust is "simply the biggest club available for liberal Catholics to use against traditionalists." To put it crudely, attacks on Pius XII conceal an attack on the present Pope, John Paul II.

In at least one case, namely, John Cornwell, Dalin

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is surely right. There can be little question that, in *Hitler's Pope*, Cornwell took up his pen in part to try to stop John Paul's initiative of canonizing Pius XII, or that part of his ire, as Dalin puts it, is directed at "aspects of the Church that John Paul II now represents." What is wrong with the Church now and what threatens its future, Cornwell believes, is what Pius's own pontificate exemplified: an autocratic style, obscure factionalism among the keepers of doctrinal orthodoxy, and, in general, premodern ways of conceiving the church's structure and role in the world. In a kind of moral rage at these things, Cornwell produced a diabolical portrait of a man who was really—as Cornwell himself admits at one point—only deeply flawed.

But what is the case with Cornwell is not the case with other Catholic authors who have questioned their Church's integrity and credibility in the light of its wartime conduct. It is simply untrue that, to quote Dalin, "Nearly everyone pressing this line today . . . is a lapsed or angry Catholic." As it happens, some of Pius's most eloquent, measured, and authoritative critics, like John Pawlikowski and John Morley, are in priestly orders. Besides, although motives and personal considerations can certainly distort, they need not; in judging the moral history of the Church, must we listen only to clerics, or those who have been certified as not "angry"?

To repeat, Pius was not Hitler; neither, however, does he deserve to be mentioned in the same breath as Karski or Wallenberg. In fact, these extreme categories do not apply. If one were of a mind to extenuate, one might note that everything in Pius's training, background, temperament, and experience, including his otherworldly piety, had conditioned him to proceed cautiously and equivocally. He was, in other words, a quintessential politician, or perhaps diplomat, at a time when the world, and especially the Jews of Europe, needed a prophet, or at least a priest more alert to depravity and evil.

Still, in other circumstances, and where Jews were not concerned, the Pope did *not* always act as a politician; nor was he always cautious to a fault. When one remembers those who looked to him, with what they thought was reason, as "the safest refuge of all the persecuted," extenuation fails.

Postscript: I have touched only lightly on other points concerning which the Pope's defenders, especially those willing to grant implicitly or explicitly that he was in possession of the requisite facts, have spoken out on his behalf. Thus, they say, there is little or nothing else that, in the circumstances, Pius XII might have done or effectively could have done; and besides, they add (echoing the hint of Archbishop Valeri and others at the time), a more outspoken policy on the part of the Vatican might well have backfired, inciting the Nazis to still more vicious behavior.

These issues are taken up and answered briefly but very cogently by Robert S. Wistrich in "The Pope, the Church, and the Jews" (COMMENTARY, April 1999) and much more extensively by, among others, Guenter Lewy in *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany* (1964), John Morley in *Vatican Diplomacy and the Jews During the Holocaust* (1980), Susan Zuccotti in *Under his Very Windows: The Vatican and the Holocaust in Italy* (2000), and Michael Phayer in *The Catholic Church and the Holocaust* (2000). Their answers do not lend comfort to anyone proposing a secular or sacred canonization of Pius XII.

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The Cost of College Sports

Chester E. Finn, Jr.

THE YEAR 1929, the year of the great stock-market collapse, also witnessed the first loud warnings of an incipient crash in higher education—caused by, of all things, college sports. According to a study undertaken that year by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, college athletics were beset by rampant "commercialism" and "a negligent attitude toward . . . educational opportunity" that were threatening to undo the very purpose of higher education. In the seven decades since then, numberless inquiries, reports, and jeremiads have assured us that things are getting no better; quite the contrary.

This past year has witnessed another round of thunderbolts hurled mostly from within the college and university world itself. In a coordinated campaign, faculty senates at institutions of higher learning across the country voted to denounce the athletic "arms race" that threatens to consume university budgets through million-dollar coaching salaries and multi-million-dollar stadium boondoggles. *Beer and Circus*,[1] an exposé by a professor of English at Indiana University named Murray Sperber, sets out to show that big-time college athletics is crippling undergraduate education by keeping students entertained—and inebriated—even as they learn little. Then there is *The Game of Life*,[2] a scathing, fact-filled analysis of campus athletics by former Princeton president William Bowen and James Shulman of the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation; the former comes to the subject fresh from championing affirmative action for racial minorities in *The Shape of the River*,[3] a book he co-authored with former Harvard president Derek Bok.

On top of all this, the Knight Foundation Commission on Intercollegiate Athletics, a panel of educators led by the eighty-four-year-old Reverend Theodore Hesburgh, has handed up its own withering indictment. The panel charges that college sports, which once fostered values like "fitness, cooperation, teamwork, and perseverance," now promotes only the crassest sort of commercialism—a circumstance that appears to have the commission's aging chairman every bit as riled up as ever he was by civil rights or the war in Vietnam.

WHAT IS going on here? Considering the propensity of many academics to look askance at any activity that can be tied to middlebrow pleasure, capitalism, or celebrity, one would be well justified in approaching this topic with a

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[1] Henry Holt, 322 pp., $26.00.

[2] Princeton, 378 pp., $27.95.

[3] For a discussion of this book, see "Racial Preferences: What We Now Know," by Stephan Thernstrom and Abigail Thernstrom in the February 1999 issue of COMMENTARY.

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jaundiced eye. How much of the outrage being ventilated for our benefit stems from simple donnish envy over the fact that the football coach gets paid far more than the professor of comparative literature, or that the new basketball arena is swankier than the offices of the history department? How much has to do with campus politics, and particularly the fact that faculty senates seldom control the sports program? How much stems from the media's romance with athletic contests, star players, and coaches, who appear frequently on television and in newspapers while the typical professor has trouble getting his latest tome noticed even by an obscure academic journal? How much may be just a diversion, casting the blame for a deep-rooted academic decay elsewhere than at the feet of the professoriate? Is George F. Will not right to quip that on many campuses, "the culture of the athletic department is less harmful to higher education than the culture of the English department"?

Considering, too, that, for most of us, outrage is a commodity best reserved for causes where there is some hope of making a difference, to raise a fuss over college sports may seem akin to worrying about the prospect of giant meteors hitting the earth. After three-quarters of a century of alarums, diagnoses, and prescriptions, the problem, allegedly worse than ever, still seems peripheral to life's major concerns, conjuring up nothing worse than idle campus Saturdays, Animal House-type revels, and images of old grads sprawled before the tube with a sixpack as the varsity team tries yet again for a slot at the Oatmeal Bowl. If the problem is both relatively harmless and wholly beyond fixing, why stew about it?

And yet. For all their selective and self-righteous expressions of dudgeon, the critics are on to something. As it turns out, the problem of college sports is entangled with two of the most vexing and least negligible issues in contemporary American education: its shoddy quality, and the rocky terrain of affirmative action.

THAT UNDERGRADUATE education has a quality problem is hardly news. Countless studies have charted the slackening of entry standards, the spread of "remedial" courses—making college essentially a continuation of high school—and the erosion of core curricula. The academic year and academic week have shrunk even as tuitions have soared and grades have inflated. College students perform poorly on tests of basic knowledge, many graduates are barely literate, and employers now routinely give informal writing tests—or seek graduate degrees—when hiring recent campus products, even from high-status institutions.

The question is to what extent sports foster or feed off this decline. In *Beer and Circus*, Murray Sperber offers an answer. Marshaling a wealth of data and anecdotes, he argues that, at many universities, huge investments in sports and a permissive attitude toward alcohol abuse serve not only to keep the tuition checks and state subsidies flowing but also to provide cover for the surrounding intellectual vacuum.

Thus, at Arizona State University in suburban Phoenix, Sperber observed "lavish, state-of-the-art recreational facilities, including the latest exercise machines and a number of Olympic-size swimming pools." By contrast, the university's library lies "underground, a dark, forbidding place." Not surprisingly, "on a typical weekday, undergraduates fill the recreational buildings and the library is deserted," while at night, "students pack the off-campus bars . . . , as they do the stadiums and arenas when the Sun Devils play at home."

At higher-status schools, too, Sperber shows, vast new sports coliseums vie for funds not with science buildings but with elaborate recreational centers featuring lavish swimming facilities, climbing walls, racketball courts, and workout rooms. After a bit of exercise, the modern college student can return to a dorm room wired for both the Internet and cable; if he finds his own television set too small for enjoying the game on ESPN, he can head down to the lounge where an entire wall is typically covered by a giant screen and other paraphernalia of a full-fledged entertainment center. These spa-like facilities, Sperber's survey suggests, are employed to full capacity and beyond.

Why, then, should any student conceive of his college experience as being primarily about learning? Over half the undergraduate men polled by Sperber happily dedicate six to fifteen hours per week to watching sports on TV; over a quarter spend more than fifteen hours so employed. Even among female students, 29 percent are in the "six-plus" hours category. As for engaging in sports themselves, more than half the men and nearly half the women spend more than five hours per week in that pursuit. All this compares rather starkly with another finding: fewer than half spend eleven or more hours a week "studying and doing course assignments."

Apart from watching the tube and/or working out, there is another sports-related activity that keeps students from being academically engaged these days: drinking. Undergraduates, Sperber reports, spend upward of $6 billion a year on alco-

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hol—more than $400 apiece, considerably more than is spent on books. Beer consumption alone averages 15 *cases* per student annually. With television delivering spectator sports every hour of the day and night, sports-linked parties continue around the clock, with nearly two-thirds of male students and half of female students reporting that they spend more than five hours a week in such settings. Other parties consume even more of their nights and days. Let us not even estimate the downtime due to hangovers.

As time expended is a gauge of campus priorities for students, budgets are a gauge of campus priorities for administrators. By the late 1990's, Vanderbilt University in Tennessee was spending some $4,000 per student per year on athletics, leading its then-chancellor to cough politely that the "long-term effect may be to seriously impair [the university's] ability to invest in some critical educational and research programs." In 1997-98, the University of Michigan, one of the nation's most prestigious state institutions, spent $47 million on intercollegiate athletics; Duke University in North Carolina spent $21 million. According to the Knight Commission, today's "building boom" in university athletic facilities is estimated to run upward of $4 billion. This is money not going to teaching or research, or to extracurricular activities for students interested in music, journalism, or public service.

The building boom goes hand in hand with an explosion in the hiring of ultra-high-salaried coaches. "At last count," the Knight Commission reveals, "some 30 college football and men's basketball coaches are paid $1 million or more a year." Often these coaches are the highest-paid university employees, surpassing even the medical school's thoracic surgeons and the business school's marketing whizzes. In some states, the top coach at the major public university earns more than any other public employee—including the governor.

Student athletes, not quite so pricey, are expensive nonetheless. Aside from their scholarships, special arrangements for housing and feeding them, and other direct costs, there is also the price tag for the many academic support services they need to get through school. At a number of places, we learn from the Knight Commission, "annual costs per football player are well over $100,000."

The funds consumed by big-time sports, the campus culture these sports engender, and the values they convey have effects that reverberate far beyond college walls. As they dilute the undergraduate experience, they also transmit a powerful signal to millions of high-school and middle-school students (and parents and teachers) about the character of "higher education," what is important in preparing for it, what admissions offices seek, and what forms of behavior are cool.

Nor is the misallocation of resources, or the consequent degradation of the academic ethos, the only set of issues posed by college sports. Another has to do with the way athletics mix with affirmative action. But here the critics, so clear about the damage inflicted by the diversion of scarce financial resources, tie themselves in knots.

There is, first of all, the ongoing effort to rectify real and perceived imbalances in the attention (and money) devoted to women's sports on campus, a/k/a "gender discrimination." Women's colleges have always fielded teams, and women in coed colleges have never lacked outlets for athletic activity. But a dramatic expansion in women's sports began after 1972, the year in which Congress enacted Title IX, a federal law barring all forms of educational "discrimination" on the basis of sex. Interpreting this statute, the federal Office for Civil Rights ruled that colleges must provide equal sports options for women and men, must spend equally on them, and must provide comparable facilities, scholarship assistance, and so forth.

The results have been checkered, to say the least, and some of the elaborate balancing acts that universities have engaged in are even inadvertently amusing. In *The Game of Life*, Bowen and Shulman recount the 1993 move by Princeton officials to scrap men's varsity wrestling, in the hope that by reducing the overall number of male athletes they could "help redress the imbalance" with the number of female athletes and thus bring the university into compliance with federal norms. In the end, protest by aroused alumni forced a compromise—wrestling is now a "self-funded" sport at Princeton, with no university subsidy, and hence exempt from federal bean-counting. But elsewhere the Title IX pressure continues, leading in some places to the wholesale jettisoning of "lesser" sports for men: that is, sports that do not pay for themselves and that consume resources that might otherwise support women's athletics. Men's gymnastics, for example, which in 1976 boasted some 200 intercollegiate teams, has all but disappeared.

Whatever the effects of Title IX on men, has it at least conferred benefits on women? Unquestionably it has helped mollify the disgruntled; just as unquestionably, it has done little to swell the ranks of America's learned women. If anything, the impact has run the other way. Title IX created an

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intense demand for more female athletes that could not be satisfied just by cutting back on the men. Universities duly set out to recruit such women. In the process, they bestowed significant preferences in admissions. Inevitably, intellectual aptitude was slighted.

In 1989, as Bowen and Shulman show, women athletes at Ivy League schools had SAT scores 60 points below those of their classmates; in the top sports schools (known as Division 1-A universities), the gap was about 100 points. In 1999, at one selective school studied by Bowen and Shulman, "recruited" women athletes enjoyed a 59-percent "admissions advantage" over competing applicants with similar SAT scores. And once enrolled, female athletes earn measurably lower grades than their non-athlete classmates.

Of course, the problem of affirmative action for athletes is hardly limited to women. As one might expect, things are much worse in men's sports, where admissions preferences are even stronger and the academic consequences more severe. In every category of college, Bowen and Shulman find, male athletes come in with lower SAT scores than the student body at large, and those who play the crowd-pleasing, revenue-enhancing sports of football, basketball, and hockey come with lower scores still. Among applicants with similar SAT scores, varsity-quality athletes enjoy an admissions advantage that is powerful and growing—an edge far wider than that enjoyed by "legacy" applicants (children of alumni) or non-athletic minority candidates.

As the data make clear, high-profile male athletes at the top sports schools perform dismally in the classroom. Barely half the football players and two-fifths of the men's basketball players at Division 1-A schools earn degrees within six years, despite being cosseted in full-tuition scholarships and given limitless tutoring, guidance into easy courses, nice accommodations, and special food. At the more selective schools, where varsity players are much more likely to wind up with degrees, their academic performance also trails that of non-athletes—and is deteriorating.

IN SHORT, on the showing of Bowen and Shulman, affirmative action for athletes, especially in the top sports schools, has been enormously destructive both to academic integrity and to academic standards. But here is where their argument turns perverse. As alarmed as they acknowledge themselves to be by what the statistics on athletic preferences reveal, they do not hesitate to invoke them in pleading for a *different* set of preferences—namely, academic preferences for members of racial and ethnic minorities. For, they now reason, if some students enjoy huge advantages in admissions merely because of their ability to hurl an oval-shaped ball across a field, or a round one through a hoop, should not Latino and black students enjoy equal or even greater advantages by virtue of who they are? Surely, Bowen and Shulman conclude with a flourish, "the prima-facie case for recruiting athletes is . . . less powerfully connected to the educational missions of these institutions than is the case for making special efforts to achieve racial diversity."

The argument is thoroughly disingenuous. For one thing, whatever one believes about the wisdom of giving preferences in college admissions to athletes, the fact remains that, unlike race, athletic prowess is a trait that inheres in individuals, not an ascribed characteristic of all members of an arbitrarily favored group. Second, such ability is genuine, a quality that one must strive to develop and maintain; unlike skin color, it is neither immutable nor wholly unrelated to merit. Third, as everybody knows but as the flurry of recent reports are somehow too reticent to discuss, many minority applicants are themselves athletes, and as such, presumptively subject to the same strictures against preferences leveled by these authors at athletic recruitment in general.

Given the fixation on promoting racial and ethnic "diversity," it is indeed hardly to be wondered that athletically talented blacks and Hispanics—"twofers," in effect—should be highly prized, with coaches, scouts, and alumni keeping close watch on inner-city high-school teams. But the fact is that many of the athletes recruited in this way are even worse prepared for college than their white suburban counterparts, are apt to be wooed by institutions that are academically too tough for them, and end up needing all sorts of extra concessions and special help. And even then, they may not finish. Analyzing the graduation rates of black basketball players in the 2001 NCAA tournament, the *Boston Globe* columnist Derrick Jackson found that, in 26 of the 64 colleges represented, only about a third of black players graduate, and in seven of them the graduation rate of black players is zero.

Here is a situation that, literally, cannot get much worse. To use it as part of an effort to impugn the case for recruiting athletes and simultaneously bolster the case for recruiting by race—and to justify this by an appeal to the "educational mission" of the university—is the sheerest hypocrisy.

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What, if anything, is to be done? From the 1929 Carnegie study to the present, every major critique of college athletics has offered similar recommendations, centering on the proposition that competitive sports must not be kept separate and apart but rather must be fitted into a university's larger educational aims. If taken seriously, that principle would have far-reaching implications for everything from campus governance to budget allocations. Strictly applied, it would mean putting an end to double admissions standards, to free-wheeling athletic departments, to commercial endorsements, to TV-slanted sports schedules, and much more.

All this would undeniably be good for academic integrity. But it has not happened in three-quarters of a century, and there is little ground for thinking it will happen tomorrow, no matter how many more thunderbolts are thrown. The reason is simple, and is to be sought in the identity of those who are doing the throwing.

In this respect, the composition of the outspoken Knight Commission is telling. From Father Hesburgh on down, most of its members are past or present university presidents. They have used the platform thus afforded them to hector their peers about problems that they themselves have allowed to fester and to grow. They have thereby proved only that they are far more valorous critics than leaders. Of true leaders, the current college and university scene is all but bereft.

What is too clear is that the problems besetting college sports are inseparable from the larger woes of American higher education, which range from declining standards to the mindless passion for "diversity" at the expense of those same standards. The very notion that a single set of academic criteria ought to govern admissions and graduation decisions is anathema on most campuses today. Couple this with Washington's watchful eye on any deviation from an array of civil-rights statutes dealing with minority applicants and women, and you have the makings of an intractable problem, one that will be with us for decades to come.

As for one's own college-bound children, one can search out those campuses that still cling to a decent vestige of academic purpose. One can also vote for public officials with inclinations in the right direction. Failing that, one can always try the alternative route. After all, teenagers who are really good at sports are almost certain to be admitted to the college of their choice. They are apt to receive all manner of financial and other help, to be lionized by their fellow students, and to be unstressed by burdensome academic demands. They will encounter no shortage of beer, and they may even end up doing well in life. All they will lack is a proper college education.

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A Loss for Words

A Story

Joseph Epstein

TWO DAYS after my father's eighty-third birthday, it began: what Dr. Myron Spiegelman, the neurologist at Northwestern University Hospital, called "failure-of-word-retrieval syndrome." My father would be talking away in his confident manner when suddenly he would be stopped cold, the words "stock market" or "groceries" gone, unavailable, disappeared. For him it was sheer hell, for me a small torture to watch him going through it.

"Aaron," he'd say to me, "the trick to keeping an orderly . . . invalary . . . invidy . . . inev. . . ."

"Inventory, Dad?" I would say, unable to stand it any longer.

"Yes, inventory, of course, thank you."

As predicted by Spiegelman, a small man with round tortoise-shell glasses, it got worse, and fairly fast. Soon my father ceased to stumble over the missing word; instead, he hadn't a clue as to its first letter. His face would take on a startled look, like a man inexplicably slipping on dry and perfectly level ground. Dementia was now on its way in earnest. How soon he would slide into full ga-ga, Spiegelman said, only God knew.

My father, Jack Feinberg, salesman extraordinaire, a man who had made his living—a damned good one—with his talk, who told jokes in perfect foreign accents and with no less perfect timing, whose tact was exquisite and whose reading of his customers' desires was flawless, whose powers of persuasion were legendary, who could sell anything, anywhere, anytime, to anybody, my father was to lose his powers of speech. Worse, he knew it.

My mother had died three years before this business began. He had kept their old apartment, retaining the weekly services of Jessie Waters, the black woman who had cleaned for them for years. He heated Stouffer's frozen meals for dinner, and for lunch had corned-beef sandwiches or hot dogs. My wife and I had him over for dinner at least once a week, and the three of us went out together every Friday night.

A year or so after my mother died, he bestirred himself to date other women, most of them from his building. He was still a good-looking man, a careful dresser with upright posture, a straight walk, lots of hair now turned white. But it was no-go. He once said that, having lived with the same woman for 57 years, he still thought of her as the girl he had loved when they were both young. These others were now and forever old to him—as, he allowed, he was to them—and imagination did not suffice to bring back their youthful bloom.

Be kind to your children—one of his jokes ran—they choose your nursing home. His condition worsening, he knew he could no longer be alone, but he hated the idea of living exclusively among the elderly. This was why, I remembered, he had

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argued against my mother's desire to buy a condominium in Florida. "It's an elephant graveyard," he used to say. His own father, who had died at ninety-two, used to break into a run every time he passed a retirement community or nursing home. The old man was able to die in his own bed, and that was my father's ambition, too. Modest enough though the goal seemed, it wasn't going to happen.

My wife and I hunted around. Though my father could still manage daily chores pretty much on his own, soon he would probably need what was then starting to be called "assisted living." After that, well, I didn't want to think about after that.

Highland Hills was the place we settled on. Just under three miles from our own neighborhood in Winnetka, it had been built only twenty or so years earlier, was well kept up, and the food was quite good in the Jewish style to which my father was accustomed. Before signing a contract, I took him there alone, just the two of us.

A rather too perky young woman named Courtney Ginsberg gave us a tour, showing off the game and hobby rooms, the indoor swimming pool, the small gym, the dining room and coffee shop, and a vacant one-bedroom apartment, of the kind my father would occupy at least at the outset, overlooking the links behind the main building. Golf, my father used to say, was like taking a walk in a cemetery but without monuments. He had no interest in sports or games of any kind. He had no hobbies. He listened to lots of news radio, took two papers—the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Wall Street Journal*—and read books about World War II, in which he had fought though he rarely spoke about it. He had a Purple Heart, and I remember from boyhood outings to Farwell Beach the angry, still-red shrapnel scars on his right calf.

Her tour finished, Ms. Ginsberg left us at the front desk. My father turned to me. "Well, Aaron," he said, "this is certainly. . . ." His face took on that slightly stricken look as he put his strong hand around my forearm.

"Hell, Dad," I finished his sentence for him.

"Exactly," he said.

Five weeks later we moved him into Highland Hills. A good soldier, he took it well, certainly without a trace of weepy philosophizing about what things come to in the end. He was able to stock the small apartment with some of his own furniture, and after helping him set up I wondered aloud about his new neighbors. My father handed me a directory of tenants. His apartment was 4L. A Mrs. Florence Kaplan was in 4K, and 4M was occupied by a Mr. Louis Holmberg. Could this be, I wondered, Lou Holmberg the tennis player, once ranked, if memory served, sixth or seventh in the nation?

It was eleven o'clock. I had been planning to stay for lunch, and as my father thought he wouldn't mind a brief nap I offered to roam around for an hour. In the hall, a small, bald man fumbled with his keys next door. "Excuse me, sir," I said. "My name is Aaron Feinberg. I thought I would introduce myself. My father Jack is your new neighbor."

"Nice to meet you," he said, standing now with his hands in his pockets.

"Excuse me again, but are you Lou Holmberg the tennis player?"

"That's me," he said, a smile on his face. "Come in."

The floorplan was identical to my father's, but near the hall leading into the bedroom a glass cabinet held ten or twelve trophies of different sizes, all topped by little men getting ready to swing through on a serve. Having reached his ranking in the 1940's, Lou Holmberg was a man of what I suppose must be considered diminishing fame—that is, not many people younger than I could be expected to remember him, and I myself had never actually seen him play. I walked over to inspect the trophies. One was for the National Clay Courts Championship 1945, one for the Big Ten Championship 1942, one for the United States Doubles Championship 1948. Along the wall beside the cabinet were photographs of the youthful Lou Holmberg, in tennis togs, posing with other players. I recognized Jack Kramer, Pancho Segura, Bobby Riggs, Bill Talbert.

"I don't know this man," I said.

"That's Frank Sedgman, the Aussie," he said. "Hell of a scrapper."

"That's Don Budge, right? I'd recognize those white duck trousers anywhere."

"Yep," he said. "The same."

"You played against him."

"Three times," he said, "never with a happy outcome."

"Did he really have the best backhand in the history of tennis?"

"That's probably true—and he also hit the heaviest ball I've ever had to contend with. Returning a Don Budge backhand could twist the racket out of your grip. It did mine." He paused. "These days, a pingpong ball would do the trick."

He lifted his hands out of his pockets and I saw what he meant. At the end of his thick and powerful wrists his hands were like startled birds, trembly, agitated, out of control. "Parkinson's," he said,

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returning them to his pockets. "But tell me, you play yourself?"

"As a kid," I said, "in local tournaments. I played for Cap Leighton at Senn High School."

"Cap Leighton. I haven't heard that name in 30 years. He must be long dead."

"About twenty years."

"Is your father a tennis player?" he asked.

"No. He doesn't care about sports at all."

"Lucky man," said the ex-champion. "He's saved a lot of time over the years. What'd he work at?"

"He was a salesman of various things, from handkerchiefs to mutual funds."

"I sold insurance," he said. "I assume he's a widower, like me. But what's he doing here?"

"He has something called word-retrieval failure, which is an early warning sign of dementia."

"That's a tough sentence."

"He's a tough guy, my father, but also a nice one. I think you'll like him."

"A salesman who can't find the words and a tennis player who can't hold a racket. Sounds like we'll make a team. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a tax lawyer, in a three-man firm on Wacker Drive."

"I'm making a mental note never to tell you lawyer jokes."

"I'd be grateful for that. Also if you could keep an eye out for my dad, Mr. Holmberg. He's going to need a friend."

"I'll do my best, Aaron. And it's Lou, by the way. Plain Lou will do fine."

THE THREE of us had lunch together. The dining room held fewer men than women, most of the latter Jewish and some, to judge by the care with which they dressed, still on the prowl. We had a table to ourselves. The two men seemed to hit it off well. Saying nothing about their careers—I hadn't clued my father in to his neighbor's identity—they talked about the old west side in Chicago, where both grew up. They had gone to different high schools, Lou to Marshall and my father to Crane Tech. Then Lou went on to the University of Wisconsin, while my father, already married, skipped college and went right to work after the war. The fork in Lou's shaking hand clattered noisily against the plate as he stabbed at his food, an omelette and salad. My father lost the words "mutual funds" and "economy."

When we were alone again, I explained to my father that Lou Holmberg, in his day, had been a great athlete, one of a small number of Jews who had risen to the top in a sport then completely dominated by Gentile country-club culture. Always on the *qui vive* for anti-Semitism, my father seemed more impressed by his new neighbor's ability to survive in an alien world than by his athletic prowess.

"Seems like a nice man."

"I think so, too, Dad," I said. "Maybe the two of you will become friends. When you go down to meals, it might not be a bad thing to knock on his door, see if he wants to join you."

"I don't want to be pushing myself on him."

"I don't think you would be, Dad. Who knows? Maybe he could use a friend, too."

My father put his hand on my cheek and jaw. "You're a good son, you know that, . . ."

"Aaron," I filled in, for the first time.

"HOW COME you never told me that Lou here was a big-time tennis champion?" my father asked me at lunch a few weeks later.

"I must have forgotten, Dad. Sorry." I had long ceased reminding him of things I had told him earlier; it seemed too painful for him, and pointless. Nor did we speak much any longer about the past, which was becoming more and more of a blur in his mind.

When I called to report on my father's deterioration, Dr. Spiegelman responded that things seemed to be going faster than he would have predicted. "These little jiggeroos are very odd," he added. "One person loses the power to recall common nouns, another the plot of his life. Causality is no longer discernible to a third. Sheer torture, let me tell you. And we don't know diddly about what causes it."

"So what's your prognosis?"

"Best I can make out, your father will eventually lose all memory for language. How soon, I still can't say with any certainty."

"There is no way to slow this down."

"I wish there were."

"So in the end my father will languish, who knows for how long, with no words?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And there's nothing to be done."

"One thing," he said with a drop in his voice. "Pray for an early death."

MY FATHER and Lou Holmberg began to spend lots of time together. When I came to visit, which I now did at least three times a week, including Saturdays for lunch, I'd usually find him sitting in Lou's apartment, the television turned to the news or some PBS program on wildlife. They had begun to eat breakfast together, prepared by my dad at his

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place, and in the dining room they always sat at the same table. Each had a key to the other's apartment.

Lou's wife had died a year before my mother. He had an adopted daughter, who now lived on Long Island, but there had been a falling-out of some kind and she and Lou were scarcely in touch. No photographs of grandchildren were to be found in his apartment; if Lou had friends, I never saw any of them visiting at Highland Hills. But, then, my father had been friendless, too, though while my mother was alive it never seemed a serious deprivation: he had his work and he had my mother, who was his best friend, and he had my wife and me and our two sons. Now these two men in their eighties had become close. "We're like an old married couple," Lou said one evening as my father handed him a dish of ice cream.

"More like two old guys in some kind of. . . ."

"Jewish joke," Lou filled in.

"Jewish joke," my father repeated. In the old days he would have proceeded to tell several gags with opening lines like, "So these two old Jews were sitting on a bench on Collins Avenue in Miami." But not tonight, or ever again.

For Father's Day, my wife and I took them both to dinner at Gabriel's in Highwood. My wife, who plays tennis, had read up on Lou Holmberg's career. "Did you ever think of turning professional?" she asked him.

"The serious money wasn't there when I was playing. Jack Kramer made all that possible, but it came too late for me."

"So you just stopped."

"Pretty much," Lou said. "I didn't want to become one of those guys who're always hanging around, picking up a few hundred bucks here or there. Frank Parker—don't get me wrong, a nice guy, Frankie—did that sort of thing."

"No regrets?" my wife asked.

"Absolutely none. I felt about tennis the way Churchill did about alcohol. He said he got the best out of it before it got the best out of him. Something like that."

My father and Lou ordered filet mignon, and when the waiter set down their plates my father leaned over and began to cut his friend's steak. Looking at my wife, Lou said, "He does the work my hands can't and I fill in some of the words he's lost. I'd say we're one hell of a doubles team."

My father smiled, and gently patted his friend on the back. Did he want to add something but fail to find the words? At home, my wife said it was all she could do to keep from crying. I felt like my father: I couldn't find the words.

"So what're we going to do?" Lou asked me one Saturday, at the end of lunch, when my father had gone back up to get his checkbook.

"I wish I knew," I said.

"He's scared stiff, you know."

"He told you that?"

"He didn't have to tell me. I can sense it. Wouldn't you be if you knew you'd be living for who knows how many more years completely inaccessible to human contact? He did tell me that he's not sleeping well. That's one sign."

Just then my father returned to write out a check for one hundred dollars to my son Richard, in his last year at Colgate. He could remember things like his grandson's birthday but not the most ordinary words. Talk about your jiggeroos!

Over the next four weeks, things grew rapidly worse. My father could hardly get through a sentence without losing two or three words. His awareness of his situation was evident in his face, even in his posture; for the first time in his life, he began to slump. Until now, he had been a man who seemed to know no depression, a believer in positive thinking—pull up your socks, soldier on, that sort of thing. Of course he had had his sadnesses, as when my mother died, but sadness is very different from depression.

"Your dad's really down in the dumps," Lou Holmberg told me over the phone. "He knows exactly what's happening. He described it to me as like being buried alive, though he couldn't come up with the word buried."

"I never thought I'd say such a thing," I said, "but the damn shame is that he is otherwise in such good health."

When I talked again with Dr. Spiegelman, who had reexamined my father, he said he thought it was time for him to be moved to the assisted-living floor.

"He's going to hate it."

"I know," he said, "but he is going to need a lot more attention."

"He has a good friend living next door," I said. "They're almost always together. My father's rarely alone."

"I don't think you fully understand," Spiegelman said. "Your father will soon go into something like a coma, except that he will be mobile. In effect, he'll be in a walking coma."

I put off giving my father the news, though I did tell Lou Holmberg.

"He's going to hate it," he said, using my very words.

"I know," I said. "It'll kill him."

"I only wish it would," Lou said. "He wants to

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die, your father does. You know that much, surely." He shot me a significant look, and turned away.

Was I wrong to read in that look of his that it was my duty to find a way out—to save my father from years of living among the demented, in speechless incomprehension? This "way out" became the subject dominating all my thoughts. On the long drives from Winnetka to my office in the Loop and back, at breaks during the business day, at home at night, I tried to concentrate on a single question: how to get my father off this earth before a darkness descended upon him that to me, and evidently to him, seemed worse than death.

I was terrified even to let the idea enter my consciousness. This man who had helped bring me into the world, sheltered, fed, and protected me, always treated me fairly, showed me in the gentlest ways what it meant to live with honor—was it now incumbent upon me, for the most tender-hearted of reasons, to help him die? I had a nearly full bottle of sleeping pills, given to me after returning home from gall-bladder surgery some three years ago. I had used only two of the 30 pills. What if I were to leave the remainder at my father's apartment in some conspicuous way? Might he make use of them? I would be conspiring in suicide, hardly an act to win moral approval. But I could not stop dwelling on what Lou Holmberg had said about my father's wishes, and I didn't know what else to do.

Just now, in any case, the question of the rightness and wrongness of things mattered less to me than my father's suffering. We were sitting in his living room, the three of us, eating ice cream and watching a PBS show about lions on the Serengeti Plain. Very little was said. Lou's spoon banged against his dish like a drum, and I found myself pulling for the antelopes and wildebeests whom the lions had singled out for certain death. I was no longer certain how much my father was able to comprehend, let alone what pleasure he could take in the sight of a pride of lions gnawing at the bloody entrails of a once gracious animal.

At nine o'clock, Lou announced that he was off to bed. At the door he put a trembly hand in mine. I felt as if I were holding a small nervous animal. "Don't worry, Aaron," he said, as I shook his hand, "it's going to be all right."

"Good night, Lou," I answered, notionless. "Sleep well."

"You, too, kid."

My father had dozed off in his chair. I took the dishes and spoons into the kitchen, washed them, and then touched my father gently on the shoulder. He opened his eyes, smiled, grasped my arm. I walked him into his bedroom.

"Dad," I said, "are you worried?" I couldn't use the word "frightened," not with this old soldier. My father, even at the height of his salesmanly ebullience, was at his core a deeply reticent man, certainly when it came to the important, the mysterious things in life.

In place of words he put both hands out, palms up, and shrugged, as if to say, what's the use?

"Is there anything you'd like me to do? I'll do anything you want."

In his eyes I thought I read both entreaty and forgiveness; but I can't be sure. He closed them and shook his head.

"Dad," I said, holding up the bottle I had stationed on his night table, "these are sleeping pills. In case you have trouble falling asleep, they'll do the job for you."

My father leaned over and embraced me. Against my face, his whiskery cheeks felt exactly as they had in the days when I would climb into his bed on a Sunday morning and he would read to me from what we used to call the funny papers.

Our arms around each other, I said, "I love you, Dad, very much."

"You, too," I heard him whisper.

AT ELEVEN o'clock the next morning I received a call from Ernest Silverman, the director of Highland Hills, informing me that my father had died during the night.

"Of what?" I asked.

"So far as we know, of natural causes. He appears simply to have stopped breathing. He seems to have gone peaceably, which is a blessing."

No mention was made of pills. I told Silverman I would be in to settle my father's account. Apart from a few keepsakes, Highland Hills could have his furniture, some of which might be useful for future tenants. Silverman asked if I wanted Piser to handle the funeral arrangements.

When I got to the apartment I went directly to my father's bedroom, where I found the pills on the night table as I had left them. I counted them out: 28. For the second time that day, I felt relieved. I took the photos my father had kept of his grandchildren and of himself with my mother. His wallet, which contained $63, his Seiko watch with its black leather strap, and his electric razor, I put in a plastic bag. The woman who let me in told me that, if I liked, she could arrange to donate his clothes to ORT, for which there would be a tax write-off. I thanked her, forbearing to mention that I was a tax lawyer.

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I knocked at Lou Holmberg's door, but there was no answer. On my way out, a woman at the front desk handed me an envelope. Inside, printed in a large and very wobbly hand, was a one-sentence note:

Aaron,
I told you not to worry.
Lou

The funeral was a simple graveside ceremony. It was a cool day but sunny. My wife and sons were there, and so was Lou Holmberg, whom we picked up in the limo on the way. The home had arranged for a rabbi, a young man with a dark beard, wearing Hush Puppies with his black suit. My father's body was lowered into a grave beside my mother's, and we each placed a shovelful of dirt on his coffin, except for Lou who kept his hands in his pockets. During the proceedings, Mexican workmen in baseball caps leaned on shovels near a large yellow piece of earth-moving equipment.

My wife and I kept Lou with us on the way back while our sons rode with the rabbi in the other limo. "I wish you had known my father earlier, Lou, when he was fully himself," I said, a few minutes after we emerged from the cemetery and turned north on Harlem Avenue.

There was no answer. I glanced over at Lou, who had tears in his eyes. Removing a fluttering hand from his pocket, he dropped into my lap the second of the two keys to my father's now-empty apartment. My wife shot me a look of accusation and horror. Not another word was said until the limo pulled up, nearly 45 minutes later, before the entrance to Highland Hills.

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OBSERVATIONS

Civilization Meets the Durants

Nancy Yos

FOR ANYONE who loves history, surely one definition of heaven would be to possess a massive, single-shelf summation of everything that has happened in the West since the Sumerians, complete with most of the stories "every schoolboy knows" but sufficiently up-to-date to be etched here and there with a reassuringly modern acidity. If education begins not in learning how to think but in knowing what to think *with*, volumes like these are the indispensable seedbed. Whatever views one eventually develops on papal privilege or modern revolution, Henry IV will always stand in 1077 in the snows at Canossa, and the Tennis Court Oath will always precede the Bastille.

I have a shelf of volumes like this, a gift of some fifteen years' standing. Their collective title is *The Story of Civilization*, their author a man who gave half his life—he lived for a century, and died exactly 20 years ago—to their completion. One cannot but be awestruck at the mammoth bulk of the work, and at the prescience of the man who assigned himself this task of gigantic, solitary summation. Yet, with the years, I have also noticed that no one else seems to quote or consult him. His name was Will Durant.

IT ALL began very pastorally, across the cusp of time and in another world. Anyone ambling along the Hudson River somewhere between New York and Albany on a fine summer day in 1913 might have glimpsed a tiny figure in a canoe, heroically paddling amid the sparkling waves and nearby boat traffic. He must have looked like a man with a purpose, not just floating but going somewhere; and purposeful he was, having bicycled from New York to Albany and now canoeing back, to think.

Not yet twenty-eight years old, he was already a man with a past, and plenty to think about. His education had been wonderful. Overleaping the fusty certitudes of a Catholic upbringing, he had discovered Darwin and Spinoza, graduated from college, taught school, entered and then fled the seminary. He had begun to lecture for pay in the homes of friends. At the invitation and expense of one such friend, Alden Freeman, an inverted scion of Standard Oil, he had toured Europe. All sorts of passions bubbled in the young and still unsullied century, and he delighted in them all: progressivism, atheism, anarchism, socialism.

He also delighted in his life in New York, though it had begun in difficulty. A teaching position had been offered him at the Ferrer Modern School—no work, no rules, no curriculum, salaries paid by Freeman—after he delivered a lecture under its auspices explaining that all religion was grounded, philosophically, in sex. The news of his subsequent excommunication from the Catholic Church had followed him home to Newark, and was splashed across the front page of the Newark *Evening News* only a year before his canoe trip. But teaching at the Ferrer School quickly brought a different problem, in the form of a fourteen-year-old Jewish pupil named Chaya, or Ada, or Ida, Kaufmann, who fell in love with him.

He ardently reciprocated. With-

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in a few months of their meeting, in early 1913, he was having to answer questions from the school about the nature of their relationship. He responded in eloquent letters that mixed self-abnegation and joy, explaining himself to the school, to her father, and to the young woman, whom he incidentally renamed "Ariel."

The young man paddling in the river was thus in love; ambitious; and had already suffered revolutions in his thinking and private life. Also, through one thing and another, he had just lost his job. So in that summer of 1913 he put off the girl to travel alone upstate. It did him good, for he returned with his mind made up. With Freeman's help, he now entered Columbia to begin graduate studies, got a new position lecturing at a place in New York called the Labor Temple School, and married Ariel, by now all of fifteen. He turned twenty-eight a few days after the wedding.

Taking Ariel with him, young Will Durant went on to great accomplishment. Finishing his doctorate in philosophy, he taught briefly at Columbia's extension division and wrote philosophy for Simon & Schuster, a new publishing firm whose method was to hit upon marketable ideas and then find authors to write them up. Philosophy counted as much as crossword puzzles in those days, and Will Durant obliged. In the meantime he also lectured all across the United States, not only in rustic places where "tired men and women had never heard of Socrates" but in Carnegie Hall, where he debated Clarence Darrow, and in Boston's Symphony Hall, where he debated Bertrand Russell. Ariel, an adolescent bride often alone, left him—or their seaside cottage—twice, on her second flight finding herself unwittingly committed to Bellevue. Then she had a baby, and opened a restaurant, apparently as much for the company as for income.

For they seem, especially Will, to have made money. Within fifteen years of the canoe trip, publishing and lecturing had brought the Durants from minor scandal to fame and comfort. Although the stock market crashed, the family was sufficiently well-off to purchase a new home ($15,000) and steamship tickets aboard the *Franconia* in the otherwise darkening month of January 1930. Durant, just turned forty-four, was ready to begin research for a new book, the first volume of a series that was already a dearly-held life project and that he had actually described in a letter of 1913: *The Story of Civilization*, a synthesis of all history and culture, all "morals, literature, philosophy, and art" from remote Oriental antiquity to the present. He was a scholar, and he knew what he was about. He proposed doing it in five volumes. It would take eleven.

THE ORIGINAL plan was as broad and as sensible as possible. The five volumes were to cover the Orient; classical antiquity; the Middle Ages (including medieval Islam, medieval Judaism, and the Renaissance); Europe from the Reformation; and "Our Modern Heritage," from Napoleon to Durant's own day. But as the years passed, his love of the labor, his excitement at the breadth of what he was uncovering, and popular success made every volume flower into something larger and more detailed than anticipated. Only the first, *Our Oriental Heritage*, published in 1935, stayed within its bounds, which were anyway quite enormous (ancient Sumer to modern Japan) and are the more startling today considering that he treated the Orient as a kind of prologue or helpmeet to the West. He thought he was only being fair.

After that, he broke up his initial program, giving two volumes to antiquity (*The Life of Greece*, 1939, and *Caesar and Christ*, 1944), and one to the Middle Ages: *The Age of Faith*, brought out in 1950 and the longest of the entire set. In the preface, Durant still foresaw a limited *Story* of just two more volumes, taking him up personally to 1960 and "imminent senility." But limits proved no use, for the flowering went on under his very eyes, the way real flowers explode in color in time-lapse photography. *The Renaissance* followed in 1953, *The Reformation* four years later. Then came the four volumes that Durant, with his early sympathy for Spinoza, probably most enjoyed writing: *The Age of Reason* (1961), *The Age of Louis XIV* (1963), *The Age of Voltaire* (1965), and *Rousseau and Revolution* (1967). Now they—starting with volume seven, Ariel appeared as co-author—thought they had finished. But eight years later, four decades after Will had begun, they reemerged with *The Age of Napoleon* (1975). In its preface they said they had gotten bored with inactivity and were not dead yet, so here was another interesting and enjoyable historic figure.

At this point, Durant had devoted his waking hours to the *Story* for 40 years. He and Ariel followed a rigorous and pleasing pattern: world travel to see firsthand the sites he was aiming to write about, then study and reading, writing, publication, acclaim, a little more lecturing, and then more steamship tickets and more travel. In their *Dual Autobiography* (1977), from which I have taken much of the information here, he spoke easily of the physical work: "forty thousand notes under twelve thousand headings" for Volume VIII, and so forth. Every volume thanked "friend reader" and "patient reader" for attention and companionship.

By Napoleon's turn, however, the young anarchist and lover was ninety, his bride in her late seventies. Dedicatory messages had long since included the names of grandchildren. And so, a little over 25 years ago, their summary of civilization,

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which they had chosen to halt at the 1830's, itself came to a halt.

EVEN 25 years ago, let alone 65 years ago, Durant was not alone in this line of work. From the early years of the 20th century, educated Americans and Europeans had exhibited an appetite for loose but noble summations of Western learning, or at any rate had responded to the publishers and writers who sensed this appetite and strove to satisfy it. As the historian Norman Cantor notes in *Inventing the Middle Ages* (1991), Henri Pirenne in France, Arnold Toynbee in England, and Oswald Spengler in Germany realized "there was an audience for large-scale generalization" and wrote history with a new broadness and grandeur, "poetic and unscholarly," to engage readers beyond university specialists. And let us not forget the heyday of Mortimer Adler's Great Books, and Harvard's Five-Foot Shelf of Classics, and Clifton Fadiman.

When he undertook his project, Durant was therefore in good company. He was different only in doing eleven volumes of work all by himself, and in developing a splendid philosophical rationale for it. When he began—he the intoxicating, experienced public speaker, he the Columbia Ph.D.—he had in mind, as his models, no lesser figures than Hume and Voltaire. More particularly, and unlike the professionals who "wrote for one another in a kind of sacred and secret society, in an aloof and awesome dialect," he would be "a new type of historian." Life, after all, was lived all at once by everyone. Why should history be relegated to specialists writing for each other, as if ordinary people, whose ancestors lived history, did not matter or care?

And those ordinary people did seem to care, at least enough to buy and, presumably, read his books. They knew him, they attended his lectures, they evinced an appetite that Durant and his publisher were pleased to feed. And the appetite cannot have been too freakish. People like stories, especially stories about people, and the Durants, no fools, wrote for an audience bettering itself through pleasant if not quite exhaustive narratives about important people and subjects.

Although their books do not seem to have been huge bestsellers against the tough competition of the time—from Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years* (1939) to Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* (1963)—Simon & Schuster seemed willing enough to continue putting its money behind these two increasingly elderly people increasingly famous for being themselves. They were chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and one volume, *Rousseau and Revolution*, even won a Pulitzer. In their *Dual Autobiography*, the Durants keep careful track not only of private congratulations but of all the favorable reviews. H.L. Mencken approved, as did Thomas Mann, Maurice Maeterlinck, André Maurois, and William Shirer ("better than Toynbee or Spengler"). "The splendor of the Durant style," "brightly readable," "beautifully written," "brilliant and engrossing," "a fine work of popularization," enthused the *Saturday Review*, and *Time*, and the *New Yorker*.

Moreover, mysterious though it may appear now, the impulse that made him and Ariel try, "before we die, to gather up our heritage and offer it to our children," as Durant would put it in his oracular fashion, seems to have gone unquestioned when he began. Was everyone still reeling from World War I, trying to remember whatever it was that had mattered? Or was it just the burgeoning literacy rates that made the average person want to know more than his ancestors could have picked up from reading cathedral windows, to know the kinds of things once reserved, say, for Tudor princes sitting in a courtyard with Roger Ascham? A couple once wrote to Durant that they first read and admired his books while snowbound in an isolated hotel, with no ready entertainment. There it was, perhaps—the world before television.

ANYWAY, WE are not Tudors, and Durant was no Ascham, who taught out of a real Greek manuscript retrieved from Constantinople. Oracular though he may have seemed, he neither unrolled forgotten medieval charters nor brushed off newly discovered bones, but only studied other people's books. His idea of further research was to visit art museums with his wife.

And here is where he got into trouble. It is curious that almost no one quarreled with his most perturbing flaw, which was an often unpleasant style. Although he could state things intelligibly as far as they went, and use complex sentence structures, his prose, which has an ornate, late 19th-century feel to it, falls into rhythmic cycles that eventually become as majestic and predictable, and as cold, as the waves of the sea. "The difference between man and the gorilla is largely a matter of trouser and words." "We do not enjoy the windy speeches with which [Virgil's Aeneas] kills good men, adding a rhetorical boredom to that competitive perforation which is humanity's final test of truth." And so forth, for eleven volumes. But it was deemed brightly beautiful, so it must stand as such.

No, where he got into trouble, where he got hurt, was with the professional historians, men who did not embalm what was already dead but grubbed about in the innards of the living, consulting calendars of state papers as well as each other's monographs. They did not find him remarkable. In every generation—and Durant outlived a couple—the big guns came on, dreadnoughts cresting the horizon and bearing down on the lovers in their little boat, catching them out in errors and warning the public

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that what was going on in the *Story* was neither scholarship nor history.

But history is very strange. A human being ought to know some of it, any of it, if for no better reason than that we are not cows or horses, who have none. Can great summations from a literate, self-conscious age, though technically flawed, still be useful to most of us? Or is the subject so important that mistakes cannot be countenanced, any more than in a manual about math or trees or gemcutting? What if nobody knows anything? Durant retold stories from Miss Julia Cartwright's biographies of Beatrice and Isabella d'Este (1913 and 1928), and reminded us that the aged Fontenelle once opened a New Year's ball dancing with the one-year-old daughter of Helvetius. Would that not suffice, at least for a start?

I WANTED to make up my mind about *The Story of Civilization* because I had owned it and used it for years before its billowing prose made me suspect something deeper might be wrong with it. When the gift was new it seemed so vast and perfect I thought it was a fountainhead. Reading outside its bounds, finding it cited nowhere, surprised me. I read obviously great and clearly written books like *The Armada* (1959), in which the author, the Columbia historian Garrett Mattingly, appears to have documented every wind shear between Corunna and the North Sea in the summer of 1588, and then I discovered that Mattingly also wrote negative (but kindly) reviews of Durant. I suppose I was in the perpetual student's position: what do we do when, because they do not get along, teachers we admire throw each other's abilities into uncomfortable relief?

Mattingly, James Henry Breasted (Ph.D., LL.D., D.Litt., Oxon), John Day of Barnard College—they all tried to be kind but they all said the same thing. The Durants relied on sometimes unreliable secondary sources; they ignored up-to-date professional work; they tried to include too much of everything and so created huge gaps in the very perspective that synthesis should provide. J.H. Plumb of Cambridge, not kind at all, was so enraged by *The Age of Louis XIV* that he used words like "shoddy," "boring," "dangerous," "facile," "soft-minded pulp."

The couple were badly stung by Plumb—a good indication of how professional they considered themselves. Generously, they give him, "our dedicated enemy," a full chapter in the *Dual Autobiography*, noting that he caught them committing, in one sentence of a 700-page book, "five major errors" about William and Mary. They try to refute him, but cannot. Manifestly not in command of the material, they simply restate their original propositions in a somewhat injured tone.

But William and Mary did exist, and at least Durant got the years right plus the basic story, intertwining religion, monarchy, flight, and revolution. Plumb, who called him shoddy, must have been very confident of future standards. Today we have college graduates who seem less and less able to place George Washington in the correct century, let alone the correct years, and primary schools where the subject has not been called "history" in decades. From this perspective, the idea that the *Story* will not do seems laughable.

Still, I am glad that Western scholarship at its best is too healthy to regard an embalming job like the *Story* as a masterpiece. And I have to trust that the opinions of historians will prevail who have done not more than Durant but less, with a telltale simplicity and calm. If Mattingly with his handful of books on early modern diplomacy judges Durant's gigantism as, of all things, unhistorical, I accept that. The professionals who are privy to the old standards that have kept Western scholarship truthful get to win. But even as I accept it, I am left dangerously unanchored. We will always be ignorant of something, af-ter all, and today's wildly luxuriant scholarship tends to take in all kinds of choking growths, none of which is tendered to us as our own, or as a precious gift.

The West is always fancying itself at death's door, and somebody is forever composing its memoirs. So I also have to hope that Durant did not just come along at the genuine end, just as a saving burst of literacy and a desperate mood of summing-up affected people in the last instant before electronic entertainment stomped everything. With his gifts, Durant could have chosen to be a real charter-and-bones historian, but did not, and ended up thinking more highly of himself than he had a right to. But if the judgment that he is not good enough seems inarguable, inarguable in a different way is, or should be, the trust he placed in our thirst for historical knowledge-in-the-large, and his generous belief that it is our possession. My oracle's tumble thus clarifies a little something after all.

IN THE end it is possible at least to be glad, for their sakes, that the Durants had a magnificent life. Already fifteen when the 20th century opened, Will remained all his life a 19th-century private gentleman, with a gentleman's background and a gentleman's choices. As a young philosopher he had had great, do-good plans for everyone's future. As a grandfather he remained a smiling, agnostic vegetarian referring to anyone not supporting Hubert Humphrey as "antediluvian." He closed the *Story* with typical progressive, submit-our-disputes-to-an-international-court advice.

The excellent couple, always gloriously in love, had long since moved to Los Angeles, where they

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circulated with movie stars and sponsored half-political galas on themes like "A Declaration of Interdependence." In time President Ford gave them the Medal of Freedom. They died in great old age in the fall of 1981, within two weeks of each other. A big, perfect life; and at the end Durant said, with brave and rueful Western confidence, "our laborious masterpieces will be superseded." One hopes.

MUSIC

Noah Greenberg's Revolution

Terry Teachout

OF THE many ways in which the culture of classical music has changed in the past 50 years, perhaps the most dramatic is the sharply increased frequency with which one can hear music written before the mid-18th century. Prior to 1950, few artists specialized in pre-classical music, and the harpsichordist Wanda Landowska was the only one whose name had marquee value; full-time chamber orchestras were all but nonexistent, and opera companies performed nothing older than Mozart. Today, the early-music "movement," as it used to be called, has become less a movement than an industry, with groups such as the Academy of Ancient Music, Anonymous 4, and Les Arts Florissants ranking among the best-known brand names in the music business.

One who made a seminal contribution to this revolution in taste was Noah Greenberg. His name is now mostly forgotten—the entry for him in the second edition of the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* consists of only three brief paragraphs—but New Yorkers who attended his concerts in the 50's and 60's will need no reminder of the pivotal role he played in introducing early music to a generation of American listeners. The New York Pro Musica Antiqua, founded by Greenberg in 1952, was the first ensemble in this country to win widespread critical acclaim for its performances of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. Its staging of *The Play of Daniel*, an 11th-century liturgical drama that had not been performed for 700 years before being presented by Greenberg in 1958 at the Cloisters (the medieval branch of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art), is still remembered as one of the key moments in the history of the early-music revival.

Why, then, is Greenberg himself no longer remembered? One reason is that he died in 1966, just as the audience for early music was starting to mushroom. Another is that he was a self-taught musician who held no academic degree in musicology—indeed, he never went to college at all—whereas the early-music scene is now dominated by extensively credentialed scholar-artists. In addition, only one of the 28 albums he recorded with the Pro Musica is now in print.

The publication of James Gollin's *Pied Piper: The Many Lives of Noah Greenberg*, the first biography of Greenberg, is thus of particular significance.[1] Not only does it contain a full account of his musical career, but it has much to say about another aspect of Greenberg's life of which most readers will be unaware. Prior to founding the Pro Musica, he had been deeply involved in radical politics, working throughout much of the 1940's as a labor organizer for the Workers party, a splinter group of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers party.

The story of Greenberg's political life is fascinating in its own right. Most musicians are left-liberal, but few do much about it beyond performing at benefit concerts and voting a straight Democratic ticket. Greenberg, by contrast, was for a

TERRY TEACHOUT, COMMENTARY's *music critic and a contributor to* Time *magazine, is finishing* H.L. Mencken: A Life.

[1] Pendragon Press, 427 pp., $46.00. The only Pro Musica recording currently in print is *English Medieval Christmas Carols* (Tradition TCD 1056), a 1956 collection of a-cappella vocal music poorly transferred to CD from the original mono tapes. *The Play of Daniel*, recorded in 1958 for Decca, was briefly available on CD but has since been deleted from the catalogue.

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time as "engaged" an artist as has ever lived. No less interesting, though, is the fact that once he founded the Pro Musica, he turned his back on politics, completely and permanently—so completely, in fact, that most of those who met him after 1953 had no idea that he had once served as a front-line soldier in the war between the Stalinists and the Trotskyists, or that the Pro Musica was itself an indirect manifestation of the left-wing disillusion that transformed high culture in postwar America.

Noah Greenberg was born in the Bronx in 1919, the only child of a teenaged couple who had fled Warsaw as part of the great Jewish emigration that followed World War I. Like nearly everyone in the Jewish Bronx, the Greenbergs were socialists and union members, and their son absorbed that heady political brew from his earliest days, joining a Communist club in high school. In those days, radicalism still went hand in hand with lofty cultural aspirations, and young Noah, who was deeply interested in music, also taught himself to play the double bass well enough to perform in the school orchestra.

In 1937, he became a member of the Socialist Workers party, a group formed by the radical activist Max Schachtman after he was thrown out of the American Communist party for opposing Stalin. Greenberg thus found himself keeping company with such budding intellectuals as Irving Howe, Irving Kristol, Gertrude Himmelfarb, and Dwight Macdonald, all of whom then believed in the promise of a socialism not controlled by Stalin's henchmen. Around the same time, pursuing his other main interest in life, he put together an informal group to sing the little-known Renaissance choral music that had recently been published in performing editions prepared by Lehman Engel under the auspices of the WPA Federal Music Project. By chance, he had stumbled onto the one musical profession—choral conducting—open to an untrained enthusiast with a charismatic personality, simultaneously discovering the repertoire that would dominate his life as a performer.

The Schachtmanites responded to the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939 by breaking with Leon Trotsky, who continued to preach loyalty to the Soviet Union, if not to Joseph Stalin. They formed the tiny but resolutely independent Workers party, whose members sought to infiltrate the American labor movement (and also earn a living) by teaching themselves to become skilled machinists and metalworkers. Greenberg learned how to run a lathe and embarked on a series of factory jobs that eventually led him to California, where his assignment was to "colonize" CIO-organized shipbuilders.

Greenberg lost his work-related draft deferment in 1944 and joined the U.S. Merchant Marine. After the war ended, he could have studied music under the GI Bill, and a close friend encouraged him to go to Yale to work with Paul Hindemith, who had an interest in early music exceptional for a composer of his generation (he would later organize the Collegium Musicum of Yale University and present a series of influential concerts of pre-classical music played on period instruments). But Greenberg had no college degree and thus was ineligible to enter Hindemith's graduate-level program; in addition, as he would have been well aware, Yale enforced a strict Jewish quota.

Adding to his uncertainty was the fact that he was losing interest in politics. Gollin has failed to unearth any relevant correspondence from this period, nor does Greenberg appear to have discussed his change of heart with any of his friends, then or later, but it is likely that his experience mirrored that of the other Workers-party members who drifted away after the war, mostly to enter the anti-Communist wing of the American labor movement. The party itself voted to disband in 1948, reorganizing as the pro-labor Independent Socialist League, and Schachtman ended up supporting U.S. involvement in Vietnam and backing Henry Jackson's 1972 presidential campaign.

As for Greenberg, he shipped out with the Merchant Marine for the last time in 1949, and when he returned to New York, he gave up politics for good. From then on, he would devote his considerable energies to starting a different sort of revolution.

In 1950, Greenberg went to France to attend the first Prades Festival, at which the cellist-conductor Pablo Casals and a band of virtuosos from Europe and America performed the music of Johann Sebastian Bach. Never before had so much of Bach's music been played at one time, or by so illustrious a group of musicians, and he came home with a new sense of mission.

He was already directing amateur choruses consisting of members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, and by 1950 was earning a decent wage from choral conducting and music copying. It was already clear that his natural gift for conducting was sufficient to make up for his lack of formal training, and once he returned from Prades, he put together a new group of singers who met privately for sight-reading sessions at which they—and Greenberg—familiarized themselves with the vast body of pre-classical choral music that had yet to be recorded.

As it happens, a fair amount of early music, both vocal and instrumental, had been released on 78-rpm records, but most of it was available only in such classroom-oriented library sets as Percy Scholes's *Columbia History of Music* and the French *L'Anthologie Sonore*. Nadia Boulanger's celebrated 1937 set, *Oeuvres de Monteverdi*, was the only commercially released major-label album of pre-baroque music performed by artists of note, but the vo-

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cal selections were anachronistically accompanied on a modern piano.[2]

All this began to change with the invention of the LP in 1948, which opened the way for independent record labels run by entrepreneurs who engaged in what is now known as "niche marketing." These low-budget operations typically recorded nonstandard repertoire—much of it early music—performed by small groups of unknown performers who were more interested in winning exposure than in making money. One of these labels, the Greenwich Village-based Esoteric Records, signed up Greenberg and his band of singers at the end of 1952, and the New York Pro Musica Antiqua was born.

The original Pro Musica was a semiprofessional sextet with one world-class member. Russell Oberlin was a tenor whose small-toned but vibrant voice had a memorably austere timbre and an unusually high upper extension that enabled him to sing alto parts—the kind of voice known in the Renaissance as a countertenor. This voice type fell out of fashion in the 19th century, but the English countertenor Alfred Deller, who began performing and recording early music in the 40's, had singlehandedly revived interest in the expressive possibilities of the male alto voice. Oberlin was the first modern American countertenor to specialize in early music, and his distinctive voice lent a special touch of authenticity to the Pro Musica's performances.[3]

Greenberg soon added four accompanying instrumentalists who played more or less authentic copies of such older instruments as the harpsichord and viola da gamba. In addition to being a compelling conductor, he had a knack for putting together excitingly diverse programs. No one else in New York was performing such music so well, and the Pro Musica immediately attracted favorable attention from local critics.

Greenberg recognized early on that the group would never appeal to middlebrow concertgoers who wanted to hear the classics performed by celebrity soloists. As Oberlin explained to Gollin:

> You know 57th Street [in New York]? Where all the agents and managers are, the string quartets and symphonies and everybody? Noah said, "Fifty-seventh Street has a life of its own. We're not really interested in that. We have to appeal to the intelligentsia."

Instead of trying to crack the 57th Street monopoly, Greenberg found a way to go around it. The Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association of New York (always called the 92nd Street Y) already had a record of successfully marketing high culture to the intelligentsia, and its small auditorium was ideally suited to concerts by a ten-member ensemble. William Kolodney, who ran the Y's educational department and booked its classical concerts, heard the Pro Musica's first public performances in the spring of 1953 and promptly offered to create a special three-concert subscription series for the group, thus making it possible for Greenberg to put the Pro Musica on a fully professional basis.

KOLODNEY'S TIMING, like Greenberg's, was impeccable. New York in 1953 was a cauldron of modernism, and never before or since has there been a moment when American intellectuals were more passionately interested in a wider range of nonliterary artistic activities, from cool jazz to Abstract Expressionist painting to the neo-classical dance of George Balanchine's New York City Ballet.

It helped that the cultural stranglehold exerted by the Popular Front on the Left in the 30's had been broken, in large part through the determined efforts of the New York intellectuals associated with *Partisan Review* and COMMENTARY. Not only were left-wing politics and unabashedly high culture once again considered compatible—as they had been prior to the rise of Stalinist philistinism—but a growing number of chastened leftists, among them Noah Greenberg, had come to feel they could do more to improve man's lot by making good art than by turning lathes or handing out political pamphlets. The art critic Clement Greenberg summed up this transformation when he observed pithily that "'anti-Stalinism,' which started out more or less as 'Trotskyism,' turned into art for art's sake."

It stood to reason that such intellectuals would be attracted by the unfamiliar sounds of medieval and Renaissance music—especially as presented by a Jewish autodidact from the Bronx with a quasiproletarian background—and the Pro Musica was soon taken up by precisely the people Greenberg had in mind. The poet W.H. Auden collaborated with the group in concert and on record, and Lincoln Kirstein, a wealthy aesthete who had helped Balanchine start the New York City Ballet, became one of Greenberg's financial backers. Before long, the Pro Musica was recording for major labels (first Columbia, then Decca) and appearing on such prestigious TV series as *Omnibus*.[4]

What Greenberg needed in order to reach beyond his loyal coterie of New York highbrows was a popular signature piece—the early-music equivalent of Balanchine's *Nut-*

[2] This still-impressive 78 set has been transferred to CD, coupled with a performance of the Brahms Op. 52 *Liebeslieder Walzer* accompanied by Boulanger and Dinu Lipatti (Pearl GEMM CD 9994).

[3] Most of Oberlin's solo recordings, like those he made with the Pro Musica, are out of print, but the haunting sound of his voice in its prime can be heard to excellent effect on a 1958 album of lute songs by John Dowland (Lyrichord LEMS 8011).

[4] An amusing sign of the group's cachet among the cognoscenti (unmentioned, alas, in *Pied Piper*) was a mock-madrigal, called "The Pro Musica Antiqua," written by Jonathan Tunick and Steven Vinaver and recorded by the cabaret singer Blossom Dearie, in which an earnest young maiden confesses to having lost her virginity at the hands of a man who picked her up at the Cloisters after a concert of music by "Ockeghem, Tallis, Purcell, and Byrd."

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cracker—and he found it in a medieval liturgical drama in which the biblical story of Daniel in the lion's den was set to plainchant. The English musicologist William Smoldon had described *The Play of Daniel* in *The New Oxford History of Music*, and Greenberg, suspecting that the work might be suitable for the Pro Musica, began a correspondence with him. Working in collaboration with Rembert Weakland, a Benedictine medievalist (later archbishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Milwaukee) who had studied music history at Columbia University, the two men created a performing edition of *The Play of Daniel* accompanied by instruments. Greenberg decided to mount it in a full-dress production, persuaded Auden to write an English-language verse narration, enlisted the art historian Meyer Schapiro to supply counsel on matters of period design, and talked Kirstein into putting up the money to present the show at the Cloisters.

The Play of Daniel put Greenberg and the Pro Musica on the map. The reviews were glowing and every performance sold out. "Nothing so fine as this has been done in New York in recent memory," wrote Brooks Atkinson, the influential drama critic of the *New York Times*. Decca recorded the production shortly after it opened, and the resulting LP, released that summer, gave Greenberg a gilt-edged calling card. Later that year, Ronald Wilford, Pro Musica's agent, brought the group to Columbia Artists Management Inc., the most powerful classical-music management firm in America, rightly assuming that they would now be successful as a touring act:

> Everything was a story. Noah was a story, a guy from the Merchant Marine leading a music group. How Pro Musica got started was a story. Oberlin was a story. The instruments were a story. The music was a story.

Most important of all, Greenberg's style of music-making, unlike that of most of the scholar-performers who then specialized in early music, was electrifyingly vital. In Wilford's words, early music as performed by the Pro Musica "wasn't dry. It was wet. Wet and juicy."

In 1960, the U.S. State Department underwrote a European tour of *The Play of Daniel*, and three years later the Ford Foundation awarded the Pro Musica a $465,000 capital grant. By that time, the group had recorded much of its huge repertoire, and such albums as *Music of the Medieval Court and Countryside* (1957), *Elizabethan and Jacobean Ayres, Madrigals, and Dances* (1959), and *Spanish Music of the Renaissance* (1960) were opening the ears of thousands of listeners to the hitherto-unknown beauties of pre-classical music on period instruments.

Unfortunately, Greenberg could not cope with the increasing stress caused by the group's success. His health began to fail in the early 60's, forcing him to cancel performances and cut back on his crowded performing schedule, and an aortic aneurysm killed him at the age of forty-six. The Pro Musica survived him by eight years, disbanding in 1974.

By then, the New York Pro Musica (as it came to be known) had lost much of its uniqueness, not merely because Greenberg was no longer at the helm but because similar ensembles had sprung up throughout Europe and America. Indeed, the explosion of interest in early music proved to be anything but temporary. What once was a novelty has long since become a concert-hall staple. It speaks volumes that the ultra-cautious Metropolitan Opera should now be regularly producing the operas of Handel—and hiring American-born countertenors like David Daniels to sing in them.

At the same time, the relationship of American intellectuals to high culture has undergone a sea change. The advent of a radical egalitarianism oddly reminiscent of the Popular Front philistinism of the 1930's has led many left-wing intellectuals—particularly those based in universities—to direct their critical attention all but exclusively to popular culture, while many of their conservative counterparts remain stubbornly unwilling to engage with even the more accessible forms of modernism. Few of the descendants of the New York intellectuals who made up the Pro Musica's original audience now bother to keep up with current developments in classical music, dance, or the visual arts, and it is hard to imagine that anyone undertaking a similar venture would be able to count on their support today.

One wonders what Noah Greenberg would have made of these developments. But as an old-fashioned leftist, he might well have taken comfort in the fact that early music ceased to be a plaything of the intelligentsia and now gives pleasure to music lovers of all kinds. And having witnessed the evil outcome of the political revolution to which he devoted a number of years of his too-short life, he would surely have been pleased to know how differently the other, musical revolution turned out.

Among the many friends of Greenberg whom James Gollin interviewed while working on *Pied Piper* was Jesse Simons, an ex-Trotskyist and fellow alumnus of the Socialist Workers party who likewise abandoned radical politics, in his case to become a noted labor arbitrator and New York balletomane (and to serve on the Pro Musica's first board of directors). In Simon's wry words:

> I knew dozens of the people who were around in those days. Politicals, labor people, intellectuals. We were all going to make the world a better place. But the only one who really left the world a better place than he found it was Noah, with his music.

It would be difficult to write a more cutting epitaph for a generation, or a truer one for the founder of the New York Pro Musica Antiqua.

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Books in Review

Mommy Dearest

Misconceptions:
Truth, Lies, and the
Unexpected on the Journey
to Motherhood
by Naomi Wolf

Doubleday. 326 pp. $24.95

Reviewed by
Noemie Emery

EARLY IN the presidential year 2000, the feminist writer Naomi Wolf (*Promiscuities*, *The Beauty Myth*) enjoyed a brief notoriety as the woman hired by Al Gore to advise him on his personal style, at a cool $15,000 a month. From her well-publicized lectures to the Vice President on the subject of the alpha male, there flowed Gore's emergence in earth tones and, perhaps, events of still greater moment. How many voters said to themselves that a man who could do this should never be President? How many in Florida? 537? 930? Enough to make a difference?

But this is not entirely fair. There are, it seems, two Naomi Wolfs, two different sides of one coin. The first, capable of rigor and insight, is the one who in 1995 stunned her feminist sisters with the unwelcome news that abortion kills babies. The second, a prototypical liberal feminist boomer with the signature flaws of her generation, conflates personal taste with universal experience, cultivates a sense of just deserts that exceeds all rationality, shows an embarrassing weakness for New Age inanities, and thinks there is no human woe that cannot be cured by a government program and no human desire that cannot be satisfied by means of a large, noisy "movement." Call them Naomi Wolf and her evil twin Skippy, or the Alpha and the Beta Wolf. Both are on full display in her new book, a treatise on motherhood in the personal and the public sense.

Alpha Wolf rules the first part of *Misconceptions*, which is often a pretty good book. Here we see a woman who was abstractly pro-choice confronting an actual pregnancy; a woman raised to be independent and assertive coming up against the pull of family ties and the hyperfemininity of her new condition; and a woman of self-advertised "conscience" facing a culture of designer babies and choices that her mother never had to make.

Under pressure, Alpha Wolf's slightly hedged support for legal abortion did not break, but it was shaken:

> Being a pro-choice woman, pregnant in a country in which almost a quarter of all pregnancies end in abortion, represented a conundrum so uncomfortable I could barely stand to think about it. . . . [I]t was . . . "my body." But did I own this baby the way I owned my possessions, my hair, and my fingernails? . . . My attitudes about abortion were shifting like magma under the ocean floor, caused by upheavals too strong to see.

Throughout, Wolf is appalled at today's commodification of babies, the transmutation of life into goods. Eggs, sperm, wombs, embryos become consumer quantities, to be bought, sold, and rented out in pursuit of an ultimate "lifestyle" acces-

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sory: the perfect baby, under the right conditions, at just the right time of life. One couple she knows aborted three healthy children on the 50-50 chance they might start to lose their hearing in their teens. Upscale yuppies go to the ends of the earth (literally) to find white children while, blocks away, non-white children go begging. Wolf tells the story of a couple who stormed out of the hospital after the woman whose baby they had contracted for told them it had been fathered by a Hispanic man. The value of life itself, for itself, is lost in the search for ego fulfillment and the endless cry of "mine, mine, mine."

As her pregnancy advanced, Wolf writes, many old certainties began to seem shaky, besieged by reality. She became more generically feminine: "The ways in which the hormones . . . affected me called into question my basic belief system in the 'social construction of gender.'" Next out the window went the theory of total personal autonomy: "A baby's need for its mother breaks down something in the personal ego that then gets reconstructed around service." Before and after giving birth, she and her friends in similar situations became less feisty, more passive, more pliant, more dependent—physically and financially—on men. Previously understood equations changed shape: "With a baby, too much depends on stability." Feminism itself, she observes,

> was undergoing a form of triage: whatever was inessential got hauled overboard so as not to rock the fragile, all-important boat of the new family. . . . I was still a feminist. But I understood at this point in my life that it could be dangerous to be one. . . . My self-sufficiency and independence, two qualities that I admired most in others, shut down like a business that had lost its clientele.

THIS MUCH is Alpha Wolf, the perceptive if ever-belated discoverer of some of life's complex issues. But then her baby was born, and someone had to take care of it—and Beta Wolf reappears.

"When I was growing up," Wolf tells us, "I knew exactly how I wanted my life to be 'after the revolution.'" In this utopia, men and women would share work and parenting, with the slack taken up by "additional, nurturing, community-based care" staffed by happy, well-paid, loving professionals; it would be cheap, universal, and, of course, always available. That no such perfect arrangement exists—may, in fact, be impossible—fills her with a sense of crying injustice. And a list of demands.

"What do we need?," she asks. "The question should also be, what do we deserve?" And she proceeds to tell us: "We deserve: real flextime that lets us and the fathers . . . cycle in and out of the workplace"; "real family leave," with six months at partial pay for *both* parents; "quality child care for a flat, non-means-tested low fee per day, provided by caregivers who are unionized and reasonably paid." Oh, and we also need "to pressure politicians to boost the minimum wage, and offer health-care benefits, . . . on-site day care so that we can see our children, . . . [and] tax deductions and benefits to help underwrite the cost of transporting and housing relatives who are able to come and help." And so forth and so on. This heaven on earth is to be set in place by a movement known as "Motherhood Feminism," which will relentlessly pressure all levels of government and punish recalcitrant businesses through boycotts of their consumer goods.

Sound familiar? It should. A year ago, the professor and political pundit Susan Estrich, another working mother and liberal boomer, discovered how monstrously unjust it was that women were forced off the fast track by parenthood, thus resulting in (by her lights) a dearth of female chief executives in *Fortune* 500 companies. Estrich, too, proposed a new feminist movement, this one designed to slow down the fast track and make it mother-friendly, with flextime, time off, and long leaves; the movement would pressure the state and boycott producers until "enough" females were made law partners or corporate heads.

Wolf and Estrich are filled with ideas of what they think is due them and their cohort, what they "deserve" from society, what is "fair." They think it fair that they be given time off for motherhood, without loss of money or status. But is this fair to people who work full-time, who work overtime, who are always on call? Or to the many women who would prefer to stay home and raise children but are pushed into the workforce by excessive tax burdens? Wolf, who admits that her plans are expensive, would certainly burden those women further: the wives of teachers and firemen, women who want to stay home, would be punished so that well-to-do women like Wolf and Estrich can have exactly the lives they want.

Other women, too, complain about the onus of child-rearing, about the social demotion of stay-at-home mothers, the lessening of income and work opportunities, the boredom, the isolation from other adults. But they seem better at understanding that you get nothing for nothing; that in life many trade-offs occur. You marry for love, and give up the big money; work for yourself, and give up security; have children, and give up the freedoms and opportunities of the single life.

You *can*, of course, have children and a working life, only not the *same* working life as if you were free and single. But this is what Wolf and Estrich refuse to admit. They want it all, when they want it, and if they cannot have it then someone must pay: the state, which must reinvent everything from scratch; the corporate world, which must play nurse and nanny; the taxpayer, who must pay through the nose so that they can maintain their fantasies intact.

Thus does the Naomi Wolf who is smart enough to see the utopian

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folly of designer babies insist on her plan for the designer life. She, or her evil twin, insults her own intelligence.

A Mass Murder

Neighbors: The Destruction of the Jewish Community of Jedwabne, Poland

by Jan T. Gross

Princeton. 218 pp. $19.95

Reviewed by
Robert S. Wistrich

ON JULY 10 of this year, Aleksander Kwasniewski, the president of Poland, officially apologized for a massacre of Jews that took place during World War II in a small town in northeastern Poland. At a solemn memorial ceremony he spoke movingly before some 3,000 people, including the Israeli ambassador to Poland, families of the victims, and high Polish officials. The ceremony included a silent march from the market square where the Jews had been rounded up to the old Jewish cemetery; there, wreaths were laid and *kaddish* was recited.

Sixty years earlier, on a hot summer's day, virtually all of the 1,600 Jews of Jedwabne—men, women, and small children—had gone up in smoke, in broad daylight, murdered by their non-Jewish neighbors. As the historian Jan Gross demonstrates in this brief but compelling book, which raised a storm in Poland, it was not the occupying German Nazis but local Poles who carried out the killings, which were coordinated by the mayor, Marian Karolak, with the participation of the entire town council. One eyewitness later described the events:

> Local hooligans armed themselves with axes, special clubs studded with nails, and other instruments of torture and destruction and chased all the Jews into the street. . . . Beards of old Jews were burned, newborn babies were killed at their mothers' breasts, people were beaten murderously and forced to sing and dance. In the end they proceeded to the main action—the burning. The entire town was surrounded by guards so that nobody could escape; then Jews were ordered to line up in a column, four in a row, and . . . all were ordered to sing and chased into the barn. . . . Then the barn was doused with kerosene and lit, and the bandits went around to search Jewish homes, to look for the remaining sick and children. The sick people they found they carried to the barn themselves, and as for the little children, they roped a few together by their legs and carried them on their backs, then put them on pitchforks and threw them onto smoldering coals.

From other eyewitness accounts, we know that neither the smell of burning flesh nor the dark smoke billowing over the small town appears to have dampened the enthusiasm of the onlookers, including women and children, who witnessed this gruesome spectacle while music played in the background.

ALTHOUGH GROSS'S dispassionate book is the most comprehensive effort to uncover the stark truth about Jedwabne, it is not, as he readily acknowledges, the first examination of the facts. Many details of the massacre came to light decades earlier, at a trial hastily conducted by the Polish Communist authorities in 1949 and at a follow-up proceeding four years later. At the time, twenty residents of Jedwabne were indicted for "aiding and abetting the German occupiers." Eight were acquitted, but the other defendants were sentenced to imprisonment and, in one case, to death (subsequently commuted).

Gross has used the trial records extensively, relying on the perpetrators' own accounts as well as on the testimony of the few Jewish survivors. Later, upon visiting the town itself, he discovered that "the whole story is very well documented, that witnesses are still alive, and that the memory of the crime has been preserved in Jedwabne through the generations."

What Gross has established, and laid out in detail, is that, although the town was then under the control of the Nazis, ethnic Poles took the lead at every point in the massacre. *Everybody* in the town, he writes, "either participated in or witnessed the tormented deaths of the Jews of Jedwabne." It was, in every sense of the term, a mass murder.

For Gross, the importance of this conclusion is two-fold. In the first place, it sets straight the historical record of the event itself, correcting the version presented by the earlier Communist investigation and preserved, up until this year's ceremony, on a memorial at Jedwabne that blamed the massacre on the arrival of the Gestapo and Nazi gendarmes. As Gross makes clear, though the massacre would probably not have taken place without the approval and encouragement of the invading Germans, they played a decidedly secondary role in carrying it out.

More broadly, Gross hopes that his account of Jedwabne—as well as the chapter he devotes to Radzilow, a neighboring town whose Jews, three days earlier, suffered a similarly horrifying fate at the hands of their neighbors—will challenge what he considers the standard historiography of the Holocaust. Scholarship on the period, he argues, has had the unfortunate tendency to see "two separate wartime histories—one pertaining to the Jews and the other to all of the other citizens of

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a given European country subjected to Nazi rule." For Gross it is self-evident that "when the Polish half of a town's population murders its Jewish half," the experiences of the two ethnic groups can no longer be treated as somehow "disengaged" from one another.

More important perhaps is what this intertwined history suggests about the origins and implementation of the Holocaust itself, an event that most scholars consider an expression of distinctly modern pathologies. For Gross, this view is too simplistic.

> We know very well that in order to kill millions of people, an efficient bureaucracy is necessary, along with a (relatively) advanced technology. But the murder of Jedwabne Jews reveals yet another, deeper, more archaic layer of this enterprise. I am referring not only to the motivations of the murderers . . . but also to primitive, ancient methods and murder weapons: stones, wooden clubs, iron bars, fire, and water; as well as the absence of organization. It is clear, from what happened at Jedwabne, that we must approach the Holocaust as a heterogeneous phenomenon.

Gross has still another purpose in *Neighbors*. Now a professor of politics and European studies at New York University, he himself grew up in the tumult of postwar Poland as the son of a Gentile mother and a prominent but thoroughly assimilated Jewish father. Briefly imprisoned for his involvement in the student unrest of 1968, he emigrated shortly thereafter to the U.S. In *Neighbors*, he writes not as a Jew—there is no reference in the book to his own family background—but as a Pole. His hope is that a "new generation, raised in Poland with freedom of speech and political liberties, is ready to confront the unvarnished history of Polish-Jewish relations during the war."

In Poland, where *Neighbors* was originally published last year, Gross did indeed succeed in provoking a ferocious debate. As one sympathetic observer wrote, the book hit Poland with all the force of an "atomic bomb." Across the political spectrum, it has now become difficult to claim that, in the war against the Nazis, the Poles participated with absolutely clean hands as hapless victims and/or heroic resisters, or that they played no role at all in Hitler's crimes.

Among educated and liberal-minded Poles, the book generated a wave of agonized soul-searching.

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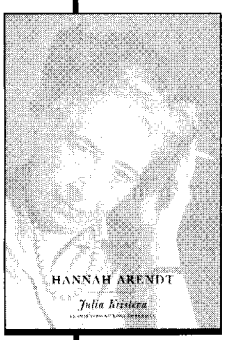

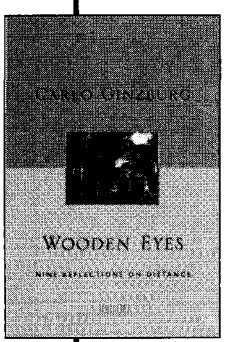

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The anthropologist Joanna Tokarska-Bakir reproached Polish historians for their failure to address taboo subjects like Jedwabne until after Gross had completed his investigation. For his part, the well-known editor and intellectual Adam Michnik, himself a Jew, argued in the *New York Times* that the murders in Jedwabne had been made even worse morally by the decades-long effort to cover them up; nor did Michnik spare words of reproach for himself as well for having failed to look into the matter more energetically. In a similar spirit, the chairman of Poland's respected National Remembrance Institute declared in a radio interview, "As a Pole, I can't shake off the blame for what has happened."

The counterattack was, however, fierce. The nationalist and Catholic Right denounced Gross's book as little more than an effort to defame the country. The Reverend Henryk Jankowski—the former confessor to Lech Walesa and a man given to anti-Semitic pronouncements—erected a model of the Jedwabne barn in his own church as a symbolic protest, and Bishop Stanislaw Stefanek of Lomza (the city closest to Jedwabne in northeast Poland) proclaimed the innocence of the region's people, going so far as to describe Gross's accusations as the product of an American conspiracy. Indeed, the country's widely read right-wing press was quick to detect a campaign of Jewish "anti-Polonism," masterminded from Manhattan, in the uproar over Jedwabne.

Then there was the reaction of the Church itself. In his first response, Cardinal Jozef Glemp, the primate of Poland, appeared to question whether Poles were responsible for Jedwabne at all. Though he subsequently conceded that "the burning of Jews, forced by Poles into a barn, is indisputable," he sparked a new round of controversy by comparing Jedwabne to more recent mass killings in such places as Rwanda, the Balkans, and—"Palestine." Finally, Cardinal Glemp gave implicit support to the favorite anti-Semitic bogey of the nationalist Right, announcing in his official statement that the release of Gross's book in English was "being awaited with anxiety, because the truth thereby revealed to Americans is expected to unleash Jewry's sharp attacks on Poles."

As for scholarly critics of the book, although few were able or inclined to reject the raw facts, a number accused Gross of exaggerating the role of anti-Semitism and failing to see the full historical context of the townsmen's bloody rampage. According to Tomasz Strzembosc, a prominent historian at the Catholic University of Lublin, the atrocity at Jedwabne could not be understood apart from the brutal Soviet occupation that immediately preceded it, an occupation enthusiastically welcomed by the region's Jews, who then took part en masse in establishing the new Communist order. Not only did they replace ethnic Poles in local offices, but they helped deport uncooperative Poles to Siberia and northern Kazakhstan. "This was collaboration with arms in hand, taking the side of the enemy," Strzembosc wrote. It "was treason in days of defeat."

According to this view of the war—a view still widely shared in Poland—the murders at Jedwabne, however regrettable in retrospect, were an act of retribution. As the town's current priest observed, what took place 60 years ago was "a battle against Communists and not the Jews." Thus, "we cannot apologize for what happened until the Jews apologize first for turning their Polish neighbors over to the Soviets before the German occupation."

Similarly, a number of other critics, including the well-known historian Thomas Szarota, accused Gross of underplaying the role of the Nazis. After all, they pointed out, so-called "self-cleansing" actions were a first order of business as the Wehrmacht rolled eastward toward Russia. How many Germans were in fact present in Jedwabne on the crucial day? Did they order Poles to kill Jews, or give them a green light to do so? Can the Poles be blamed for yielding to the wishes of their ruthless invaders? As Cardinal Glemp emphasized, "the only source of the Jews' systematic extermination had been Hitlerite totalitarianism, and local animosities sometimes succumbed to that current and were used instrumentally."

IN *Neighbors*, Gross anticipates many of these exculpatory arguments, and rightly rejects them. But if the book's brevity and focus contribute to its power, they also make it less than satisfying as a defense of the author's broader claims. Gross provides little background, for instance, about Polish-Jewish relations in Jedwabne before the massacre—a subject he deems crucial to understanding its provenance. At the same time, he fails to show precisely what German policy *was* in the area during those critical summer weeks, or to explain exactly what had happened under the earlier Soviet occupation that lasted from September 1939 to June 1941. Answering these questions would throw much light on the Jedwabne tragedy.

Still, no amount of further investigation could redeem the now well-honed Polish apologetic that "explains" wartime violence against the country's Jews as an understandable response to alleged cooperation with the Soviets. Did Poland's Jews ever club, and gut, and burn *their* neighbors? Were they ever, as supposed agents of the Soviet occupiers, in a position to do so? As Gross points out here and in his earlier work on the Sovietization of the Ukraine and Belorussia, more Poles than Jews collaborated with the Russians, not only in Jedwabne but throughout occupied Poland. At the same time, ethnic Poles were

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hardly the only victims of Soviet oppression: a third of all the Polish citizens whom Stalin deported eastward to toil in the Gulag were themselves Jews.

Among these hapless Polish Jews, as it happens, were my own parents, whose story by itself refutes the long-standing Polish myth of "Judeo-Communism." Before 1939, both of my parents sympathized with the Polish democratic Left. Though they were not disloyal and were never Communists, they believed that in the Soviet Union, Jews were treated as equal citizens. Within a few months of directly encountering the Soviet system in Lvov, however, my father was totally disillusioned, repelled by its mendacity, corruption, and ruthlessness.

He also discovered that his own "bourgeois" origins made him—like many other Jewish merchants, traders, and professionals—suspect in the eyes of the authorities. Hauled up on the ridiculous charge of disseminating "anti-Soviet" propaganda, he was soon packed off to a prison camp in Kazakhstan, where, like many other Jews, he suffered under the same conditions as the ethnic Poles who had been deemed dangerous by the Soviets.

Were there Jewish Communists in prewar Poland, and did some of them welcome and assist the Soviet occupation? Undoubtedly. But of the 3.2 million Jews living in Poland in the late 1930's, several thousand at *most* were members of the outlawed Communist party. More to the point, it did not take the arrival of Soviet troops in 1939 to create the idea of a Jewish-Communist conspiracy. As the Nazis knew, Jews had been the villains of Catholic and nationalist ideology in Poland since at least the end of World War I. The country was fertile ground, in short, for just the sort of "spontaneous" pogrom that took place in Jedwabne.

In the annals of the Holocaust, Poles were guilty of nothing like the savage, wide-scale murder of Jews carried out by Lithuanians, Latvians, Ukrainians, Romanians, Hungarians, Croats, and other helpers of the Germans immediately before and during the war. Relatively few Poles served as guards in the concentration or death camps, and unlike the other Eastern European nations, Poland did not send regiments to the eastern front to fight alongside the Wehrmacht or the Waffen-SS.

It is also true that, brutally occupied from the outset of the war, Poland marshaled the largest resistance movement in all of Europe, fighting the Nazis to the very end and suffering terribly in the process, with some 3 million ethnic Poles

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losing their lives. And among the "righteous Gentiles" honored at Yad Vashem, the Holocaust memorial in Jerusalem, there are more names of Polish origin than of any other nationality.

All the same, there is no denying the ubiquitous strength of Polish anti-Semitism before the war—and its exacerbation by the Soviet and German invasions. Jan Gross's revelations about Jedwabne do not in any way make Poles co-perpetrators of the Holocaust, or diminish the primary responsibility of the Germans. What Gross *has* demonstrated is that, like the other nations of occupied Europe, Poland could be at the same time both victim and victimizer. It is to this stark fact that President Kwasniewski alluded when, standing at Jedwabne in July, he begged forgiveness from "the souls of the dead and their families, . . . in my own name, and in the name of those Poles whose conscience is shattered by that crime."

Assimilation

The New Americans:
How the Melting Pot Can
Work Again
by Michael Barone
Regnery. 338 pp. $27.95

Reviewed by
Dan Seligman

IN THE opening words of this book, Michael Barone positions himself squarely against an Al Gore gushing over the wonderfulness of multiculturalism and demanding a "collective civic space large enough for all our separate identities." To Barone, separate identities and multiculturalism are precisely what America does *not* need.

Barone is, of course, not alone in delivering backtalk to our country's diversity celebrators. But he is far more upbeat about the future than almost all of his allies. Most of them—or should I say us?—often come across as partisans of a lost cause, beset from every side by the hyphenization of America. And yet, as reflected in his subtitle, Barone believes that the multiculturalists can and will be defeated. He is, in two words not often conjoined these days, an optimistic assimilationist.

A senior writer for *U.S. News & World Report*, and for many years a co-editor of the invaluable *Almanac of American Politics*, Barone plainly qualifies as an optimist—and also as a conservative. Throughout *The New Americans*, he leans heavily for both data and analysis on such neoconservative scholars as Stephan and Abigail Thernstrom, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Paul Johnson, Shelby Steele, and Thomas Sowell. The thesis he outlines here was laid out earlier in a lecture funded by the conservative Bradley foundation, and delivered at the conservative American Enterprise Institute. But it is an answer to a view found on the Right as readily as on the Left. According to that view, we are in an unprecedented new era, one in which *e pluribus unum*—"out of many, one"—no longer applies, and, for better (say many on the Left) or for worse (say many on the Right), America's traditional self-identification as a "white bread" society is inexorably giving way to a "multigrain" vision based on massive immigration and separate identities.

The reality, Barone tells us, is otherwise: we have been assimilating diverse cultures all along. We have always been a nation of immigrants, with different folkways and clashing values, and we have always succeeded in bringing them together in a common civic culture. And we will succeed again. In a series of richly elaborated historical parallels—between today's blacks and yesterday's Irish; today's Latinos and yesterday's Italians; today's Asians and yesterday's Jews—he attempts to demonstrate that our own anxieties are as groundless as were Benjamin Franklin's when he expressed the fear that immigrant Germans—some 40 percent of Pennsylvania's population at the time of our country's founding—would never be integrated into American life.

American blacks, argues Barone, can be considered to be like "immigrants," since most were confined to the rural South and unable to live as free Americans until well into the 20th century. There is no reason to believe that their prospects cannot be as bright as those of 19th-century Irish immigrants who lived in fearsome urban slums but whose descendants thrive in affluent suburbs and enjoy above-average incomes and educations. Latinos, like the Italians of a century ago, are already beginning to move along the path to integration and success. Asians are moving along the same path, only, like the Jews before them, more quickly.

BARONE'S THREE parallels are not equally persuasive. The strongest is the Asian/Jewish: two groups that have had abundant experience with discrimination in the United States and have essentially overcome it. Both contain unusually high proportions of gifted individuals, and exhibit a natural talent for entrepreneurship; both also feature strong commitments to family and education. Thus, to suggest that Asians will follow the Jews down the road to mainstream success does not require much in the way of foresight; they have already gone a long way down that road, as evidenced in the wisecrack (cited by Barone) about the most common name in the Harvard faculty directory having changed slightly, from Cohen to Chen.

By contrast, the Latino/Italian parallel presents certain difficulties. America's Italians came overwhelmingly from southern Italy between 1890 and 1910, and settled mainly

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in the New York City area. (An arresting detail mentioned by Barone is that half of all Italian-Americans still live within 100 miles of Manhattan.) By contrast, the 30 million Latinos—a term applied by Barone to immigrants from such disparate places as Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Mexico, and Central and South America—live all over the United States and have to be viewed as different populations.

Among these populations, New York's Puerto Ricans are in general the poorest and, over the years, have been most prone to welfare dependency; to the extent that they register to vote, they are heavily Democratic. Florida's Cuban Latinos are more upscale; in the 2000 election they went 80 percent for Bush. The Latinos also include a significant fraction of "illegals," most of them Mexicans (who represent about half of all the country's Latinos).

In one respect, comparison with the Italians is suggestive: as late as the 1920's, a sizable majority of Italians had not gotten around to naturalization. So, too, Latinos in general—including those with green cards—show the lowest rates of citizenship among all recent immigrants. Even after Bill Clinton's huge 1996 effort to speed up the naturalization process (and thereby boost his own vote totals), the Census Bureau found that only 22 percent of Latinos were citizens, in sharp contrast to the 35-percent rate among foreign-born blacks, 44 percent among Asians, and 50 percent among non-Latino whites.

Still, in almost every other way, Latinos and Italians are such different kinds of populations that Barone's analogy seems of limited utility. And his analogy between blacks and Irish seems weaker still.

Contrary to Barone's suggestion, it is not even clear that today's successful Irish suburbanites are really descended from the underclass of the mid-19th century. In his strikingly original book, *The Unheavenly City* (1970), Edward Banfield defined the underclass by its propensity to live in a "present-oriented" world based on instant gratification and impulsive adventuring, with little or no planning for the days ahead. This led him to speculate that even as discrimination faded and economic opportunities opened up, the Irish underclass never got its act together. Instead, done in by alcohol, multiple infectious diseases, and violence, it gradually died out. Today's well-to-do families are the descendants not of these Irish but of less conspicuous immigrants who were already committed to striving and middle-class values upon their arrival.

If this analysis is correct, then the moral of the Irish/black analogy changes significantly. Yes, many blacks will continue to escape from today's urban slums; but many others may be unable to shed their underclass identities. Unlike 19th-century Irish-Americans, they are on their way to becoming a permanent feature of our social landscape, sustained by today's welfare arrangements and today's medicine but seemingly incapable of making the transition to middle-class life.

So THERE are anomalies in Barone's three sets of parallels. And his case seems even less persuasive when one examines the quite different political circumstances in which the melting pot, then and now, has been asked to do its job.

Today there is celebration of diversity and institutionalized affirmative action. Like yesterday's, today's immigrants can attempt to work their way into the larger society by studying hard and laboring long hours. But they can also try to get ahead by playing assorted separatist cards: demanding racial quotas, set-asides, near-permanent bilingual ar-

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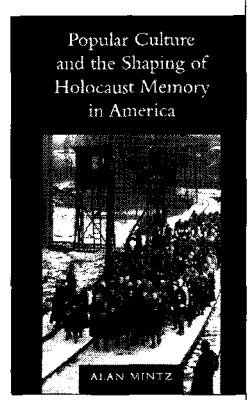
Alan Mintz



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rangements, ethnic dormitories, and other preferences based on their minority status. Barone is fiercely opposed to all such arrangements and plainly regards them as incompatible with assimilation. But except for the Asian immigrants, he nowhere offers good reasons for thinking his "New Americans" will readily abandon the benefits conferred by those preferences.

The exception is easily accounted for. Asians, some 4 percent of all Americans nowadays, do not need special breaks to get ahead. By several indicators, they are actually being held back by preferences; Barone presents evidence that their representation in elite colleges—19 percent at Harvard, 28 percent at MIT, 22 percent at Stanford, 39 percent at Berkeley—would be even higher but for affirmative action. True, once they are in college, Asian students are subjected to heavy doses of victimological propaganda designed to make them feel they belong to a persecuted minority and to discourage their impulses toward assimilation. In general, however, as Tamar Jacoby has persuasively demonstrated ("In Asian America," COMMENTARY, July-August 2000), they seem not to be buying this line.

Latino immigrants are a somewhat different case. As Barone shows, most are not much affected by affirmative action, and many indeed seem unaware of it. In part this is because the small-business, private-sector jobs in which the overwhelming share of Latinos work are relatively untouched by employment quotas. Nor do quotas seriously impinge on Latino college enrollments, which are substantially lower—among those aged twenty to twenty-one, only 29 percent were recently registered in a school—than those of other immigrant groups.

Still, affirmative action is far from a dead issue among Latinos, whose political-cultural establishment continues to operate under what Barone calls "the civil-rights paradigm," nurturing grievances that plainly retard assimilation. It is hard to believe that Latinos will flourish in the American mainstream until more of them attend college—but also hard to see their leadership backing away from demands for more affirmative action in order to make widespread college enrollment a reality. Conservatives who support Latino immigration and oppose racial preferences (e.g., the Bush administration) may increasingly find a certain tension between those two objectives.

Barone's wobble on affirmative action is most conspicuous in his chapter on American blacks, whose job prospects and college admissions are seriously enhanced by quota-like arrangements. Absent a sea change in the laws mandating such preferential arrangements, why should American blacks ever willingly forgo them? Barone nowhere crisply answers this question, although he comes close to advising blacks that they would be better off without affirmative action. He details its insidious effects on black self-confidence and achievement, and quotes at length from John McWhorter's argument in *Losing the Race* that blacks would have substantially higher grades and SAT scores if only affirmative action went away.

One wonders to what extent that is really so; Barone does not mention the persistent black-white gap in IQ, or for that matter the black-Latino gap (about half as large as the black-white gap). And one also wonders whether Barone really expects blacks to drop demands for affirmative action any time soon. It is "possible to hope," he concludes lamely, that the separatism and anti-intellectualism infecting the black community, so well described by McWhorter, will eventually disappear, and that blacks will not take as long as did the Irish (perhaps 120 years) to become "fully interwoven into the fabric of American society."

Well, it is always "possible to hope." But there is a final problem for supporters of assimilation: the role played by today's American elites. In past generations, the country's self-confident leadership took it for granted that hyphenated Americanism was unacceptable and immigrants must assimilate or be marginalized. This posture was no doubt tinged at times with a certain amount of bigotry, but at least it left no question about what was expected. Today's not-so-confident elites—the CEO's, foundation heads, newspaper editorial boards—seem by contrast utterly unable to demand assimilation.

Indeed they seem to be against it. They have fervently embraced affirmative action and "diversity," and have encouraged minorities to see everybody on the other side of the argument as perversely mean-spirited. At any number of points in *The New Americans*, Barone speaks despairingly of these opinion-makers, and agrees that they present a formidable stumbling block to his assimilationist vision. I will surely not be the only reader who gets to the end of his book wishing his optimism were well-founded but believing it misplaced.

Corrections

Going Up the River:
Travels in a Prison Nation
by Joseph T. Hallinan
Random House. 262 pp. $24.95

Reviewed by
Barton Aronson

IN THE 1990's, America's prison population swelled at an unprecedented rate, from just over 1 million to just under 2 million. At the same time, the corrections in-

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dustry ballooned into a $38-billion business. Joseph Hallinan, a Pulitzer-Prize-winning reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, thinks these two things are causally related—which of course they are. But he also thinks that the corrections industry is *responsible* for the growth in the prison population, and is the engine driving it ever upward. In *Going Up the River*, he sets out to show how.

As its subtitle promises, *Going Up the River* is cast as a travelogue. Hallinan goes from prison to prison, portraying life both inside the walls and out. The former story is the more familiar, and in Hallinan's telling it includes the usual awful anecdotes: in the Terrell Unit in Livingston, Texas, an inmate is beaten to death for refusing to pay protection money to a gang; in Stateville Prison in Illinois, another inmate is gang-raped merely for occupying a coveted cell. But it is the latter story—the story of the people who build and maintain and service our new prisons—that interests Hallinan more, and that is less well-known.

He introduces us, for example, to the small town of Beeville, Texas. There, after the closure of a Navy base that had been responsible for much of the local economy, the town's leaders compensated for the loss by persuading the state to build two prisons that now provide good, steady jobs for over a thousand people. He takes us with him to the county of Fremont, Colorado, whose thirteen prisons give it the right to bill itself proudly as the "Corrections Capital of the World." And he tours with us the companies all over the U.S. that profit from building and outfitting new prisons. These are not just small subcontractors like Habersham Metal Products, which used to make doors for schools and hospitals but now does almost all of its work for prisons, but businesses like Correctional Medical Services that have sprung up solely to provide health services to inmates and behemoths like AT&T, which bids against others for the $1 billion in long-distance calls made by prisoners every year.

All these enterprises benefit in our present era of longer sentences and an aging prison population. And they are not the only ones who think in terms of profit and loss these days. States and localities are also looking at prisons through green eyeshades. "The bottom line," says the head of Connecticut's Department of Corrections, "is that we're trying to operate in a manner that's consistent with the business world." At Wallens Ridge, Virginia, the state rents empty cells to Michigan and Vermont, which do not have enough room to house their own criminals. Oregon now builds prisons with factory spaces attached, and profits from leasing inmate labor to businesses worldwide. Even the prisoners worry about their jobs: "NAFTA's gonna kill us," one frets.

The apotheosis of the new regime is the for-profit prison. Two percent of America's inmates are housed in such facilities, Hallinan notes. Over half of these are run by one company, the Tennessee-based Corrections Corporation of America (CCA). Its founders are now wealthy men.

Putting his on-site visits to good use, Hallinan writes perceptively about the pluses and minuses of prison life these days for inmates and staff alike, filling his pages with colorful and often telling detail. But when it comes to its central argument, *Going Up the River* runs dry. "Americans," Hallinan writes dourly at the end of this book, "have learned to profit from every kind of prison except an empty one." The fact that both the private and the public sectors have a massive financial stake in today's arrangements "is enough," Hallinan says, "to keep prison populations growing."

But is it? Hallinan never says how, exactly, building more prison cells leads to more arrests or convictions, which are the necessary preconditions for more prisoners. Nor does he entertain a far simpler explanation for today's expanded prison population: namely, America's persistent crime problem. That problem is real and not, as Hallinan suggests, the creation of some special interest. In international comparisons, we continue to rate high in overall incidence of crime, and as for violent crime, not to mention the likelihood of violence turning lethal, we are off the charts.

Because the crime problem is real—and because keeping the streets safe is government's first job—criminal justice is a mainstay of our politics. Since the 1960's, when Americans were treated to nightly broadcasts of violent unrest, they have listed crime as among their topmost concerns year after year. Politicians do not lack for incentives on the issue of public safety.

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havior, or require lengthier sentences, or allocate more money for police and prosecutors. While politicians may get campaign contributions from companies with a stake in corrections, the real question is whether AT&T or CCA has ever spent a nickel lobbying for a crime bill. If so, Hallinan offers no proof of it. In general, *Going Up the River* is devoid of evidence that these companies are doing anything but seizing an opportunity they did not create.

Nor is this the only instance of Hallinan's failure to understand the relation between markets and reality. Virginia houses inmates from other states not because it wants to stimulate a growth industry but because it overbuilt at a moment (the late 1990's) when crime and hence incarceration rates had begun to slow. It rents beds, in short, to cut its losses. Contrary to Hallinan, Virginia's experience proves that even if you build it, they may not come.

BENEATH HALLINAN'S fanciful explanation for the expansion of the prison population lies a more fundamental concern: "too many people are in prison for too long." But he never tells us how many people should be in prison, or for how long, and his objections to long sentences sometimes rest on serious distortions of fact.

It is not true, for example, that, as Hallinan asserts, "drug possession . . . is now punished more severely than all crimes but murder." During the 1990's, average prison sentences for both rape and robbery were about three times longer than the average sentence for possessing any type of drug. Moreover, growing numbers of inmates are now overseen by "drug courts," which use jail time as one part of a broader program aimed at identifying and treating nonviolent offenders who are motivated mainly by their addictions.

Finally, Hallinan says little about what one would have thought was the most salient fact of all—namely, the decade-long decline in crime rates that is itself causally related to the growth in the prison population (other factors being an expanding economy and improved police strategies). But then his confusion over cause and effect seems to be endemic: the *New York Times*, for example, suggests every few months that somehow the crime rate is falling in spite of, rather than because of, the rising prison population. Fortunately, there is no sign that the average voter—safer today than he was a decade ago—is similarly confused.

Founders

The Sabra: The Creation of the New Jew

by Oz Almog

University of California. 352 pp. $28.00

Reviewed by
Dov Waxman

ISRAELIS TODAY are facing a challenge as severe and as dangerous as any since the founding of the state. Whether they will meet it successfully depends on many things, military preparedness being foremost among them. But high on the list of critical factors in any crisis is that nebulous and ill-defined quality, national character. In the case of Israelis, much has been written over the decades about that character, for good and for ill—which makes this book by the Israeli sociologist Oz Almog all the more welcome. For it is a look back at a generation of Israelis—the first generation—who were themselves called to meet the test of history.

DOV WAXMAN, *a new contributor, is a doctoral candidate at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) in Washington, D.C.*

Almog's subject is the Sabras, a subset of Israel's founding cohort whose members were born and bred in Palestine, and whose ranks include such large historical personages as Ariel Sharon and the late Moshe Dayan, Yigal Allon, and Yitzhak Rabin. Beginning with the very name, Sabra, drawn from the Hebrew word for the pear cactus and suggesting a prickly exterior hiding a soft interior, this is a generation whose outstanding qualities have long been the stuff of one of Israel's major myths.

And yet, though Israel's post-Zionist historians and intellectuals have been busy for some time now deconstructing, demystifying, and demythologizing modern Jewish history, not all myths, as Almog shows, are falsehoods. In fact, he finds "a fairly large congruence between the positive mythological image of the Sabra and the fundamental traits" that make up its profile.

Almog focuses his lens narrowly: not on all Jews born in the Yishuv, the Palestinian Jewish community, but on an elite group of no more than a few hundred men and women whom he calls "the generational nucleus." Drawing on rich and varied source material—poems, diary entries, letters, and newsletters of youth movements and army units—he presents a sympathetic group portrait of these "classic Sabras" who in addition to helping found the Jewish state developed an array of symbols, styles, and practices that became the seedbed of the Israeli identity.

AT HOME in the land and in the Hebrew language as their immigrant parents could never be, the Sabras were the embodiment, both physically and spiritually, of Zionism's project to create a "new Jew." According to the standard Zionist analysis, centuries of suffering and humiliation in the Diaspora had rendered European Jews sickly, cowardly, and neurotic; the idealized Sabra was, by contrast, youth-

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ful, slender, tall, muscular, and healthy, known for bravery, camaraderie, and insouciance—and, above all, for patriotic devotion to the homeland. This "new Jew" would restore Jewish pride and honor, building a state in Palestine, defending it at all costs, and securing its future.

The mettle of the Sabra generation was tested in Israel's war of independence, which broke out immediately upon the proclamation of the new state in 1948. A large literature commemorates those native-born Jews who fell in battle—and they fell in disproportionate numbers, evincing a remarkable readiness to sacrifice themselves for the cause. "I will try," one soldier wrote with grim purpose to his girlfriend, "to overcome the yearning for life that your letters awaken in me. . . . [T]oday the thought of life and fear of death are, in my opinion, luxuries that we cannot afford."

It was during and immediately after the 1948 war, Almog writes, that the Sabra's moral prestige "peaked"—and justifiably so. Not that he skirts the indictment of this generation on the part of post-Zionist historians, especially when it comes to the crimes allegedly perpetrated by Israelis in the course of that war. Neither ignoring nor attempting to justify acts of expulsion or other instances of brutal behavior, Almog states matter-of-factly that the "Sabra soldier was not saintly and his weapons were certainly not always pure" (the allusion is to the doctrine of "purity of arms" promulgated by the Israel Defense Forces). Nevertheless, he concludes on the basis of careful analysis, "in comparison with soldiers of other armies, the Sabra was a 'restrained fighter,'" and one who by no means reveled in the Arabs' defeat.

Still, absolved though he is of the sins of militarism and chauvinism, the Sabra does not emerge wholly without flaws from Almog's portrait. The collectivist culture of the time and place instilled a tendency toward conformism that became evident not only in the Sabras' common manner of speech and dress but, most disturbingly to Almog, in their ideological uniformity. The central mechanism by which this uniformity was ensured was the intensive socialization in the values and symbols of Zionism that Sabras underwent as children and youths. In songs and stories, in textbooks and in the general press, the Zionist message was constantly reinforced—with the result, according to Almog, that "the young Sabra lived in an 'ideological bubble'":

> The almost complete absence of criticism of the Zionist program or how it should be accomplished testifies not only to the [Sabras']

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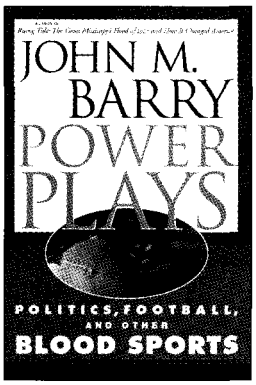

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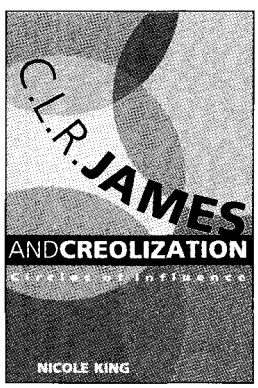

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> profound identification with Zionist ideals, but also to their reluctance to challenge them. Any expression of doubt would have been considered heresy. One may suppose that Zionist values received the force of a holy writ and had a kind of absolute validity for the Sabra elite, as if they were the Ten Commandments and thus inviolable.

ONE CAN quibble with Almog about some of this. No doubt the Israeli educational system—not to mention the entire fabric of society—was less pluralistic in key ways than is the case today, and no doubt there was an element of conformism in Sabra culture. But as compared with what? A measure of conformism, after all, is hardly absent in the Israel of today or, for that matter, in any other society. Nor does "conformism" even begin to capture the many ways in which the Sabra generation was itself riven by divisions of various kinds, from the ideological to the social, or take into account the self-questioning and even self-incriminating quality of much of the fiction and poetry that emerged from the Sabra experience.

The deeper impression one takes away from Almog's book is not of a generation corrupted by conformism but of a generation whose commitment to the Jewish people was—on the whole—deeply felt and utterly sincere. "There is no man too good to die for the homeland," reads one diary entry quoted by Almog, its ingenuousness almost too painful to absorb from the distance of a half-century. And indeed, especially after the Six-Day war of 1967, such expressions of self-sacrificing patriotism fell increasingly under a shadow in Israel, until, by the late 1990's, and under the impact of the Oslo peace process, they tended to be derided altogether in favor of a rather different set of attitudes.

Here, for example, is an excerpt from a letter sent not too long ago by a corporal in the army to his commanding officer, explaining why he would no longer serve:

> Although my moral resistance to the values and actions of the Israel Defense Forces wasn't nearly as deep and resolved [upon conscription] as that which I now harbor, I intuitively resented having to sacrifice three years of my life because of an order from above. . . .[After basic training] I found myself beginning to doubt some of my most fundamental suppositions: the necessity of the Israeli military, the merit of my military service, and the truthfulness of the values of which the Israeli military boasts.

Like the Sabras of a previous era, this young soldier could be said to represent a cutting edge—the cutting edge, in his case, of radical individualism and the dismantlement of Zionist ideals. Whether in the hills of Nepal or in the gleaming office buildings of Israel's high-technology firms, many educated Israelis have begun to turn disdainfully away from the demands of the collective and toward the pursuit of their personal desires. For others, the slogans of Zionism—national redemption, love of the homeland, the few facing the many—have come to seem worn out and hollow.

The sources of this tremendous shift in consciousness are many and complex—and under the strains of the most recent violence in Israel its heyday may be passing. But one thing is clear: if, as Almog writes, the Sabra "devoted himself to the nation just as a believer devotes himself to his religion," he clearly failed to instill a similar devotion in at least some of his children. This alone, however, would suggest the need for a more nuanced rendering of the Sabra mentality than the standard revisionist caricature. Such a rendering Almog offers in his thoughtful and revealing book, which vividly puts before us a generation that, whatever else may be said about it, did stunningly meet the test of history.

Party Poopers

The Radical Center:
The Politics of the
Alienated Majority
by Ted Halstead
and Michael Lind
Doubleday. 272 pp. $24.95

Reviewed by
Daniel Casse

ONE UNMISTAKABLE result of last year's deadlocked election, in which the third-party candidacy of Ralph Nader appears to have determined the outcome, has been to enshrine the notion that American politics is desperately in need of reform. The old paradigm of Republicans versus Democrats, we are told endlessly, is no longer relevant. Independent voters are the new majority. John McCain's powerful cross-party appeal in his primary challenge to George W. Bush was a harbinger of things to come, as politics adapts to shifting demographics and economics.

The Radical Center is the first post-election book to seize on this presumed widespread dissatisfaction with two-party politics. Its authors are affiliated with the New America Foundation, a recently established Washington think tank devoted to generating "policy ideas that transcend the conventional political spectrum." Ted Halstead serves as the foundation's president, while Michael Lind, who is the author of a half-dozen or so books and has already made several migrations up, down, and across the political spectrum, occupies a fellowship there.

The Radical Center sets forth both a new philosophy for American political life and specific, far-reaching proposals for changing the role and shape of government. Its basic contention is that the institutions and practices that emerged from the

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New Deal and took root following World War II no longer make sense for a technologically savvy, mobile population with a highly flexible business sector. Halstead and Lind are not interested in "tinkering at the margins" of this old system; instead, they favor a "wholesale revamping" that will bring about its "institutional and ideological metamorphosis."

Part Newt Gingrich, part Jerry Brown, and filled with the high-tech patois of Silicon Valley, the authors' vision is expansive in scope, touching on subjects ranging from gene therapy to local zoning laws. It is also particular. They want to scrap the current federal tax code, and replace it with a national consumption tax. In health care, they recommend eliminating employer-based insurance and adopting a mandatory system of private individual insurance buttressed by a safety net for the poor. In Social Security, they favor creating a two-tiered system: a means-tested program for the poor and private savings accounts for everyone else. In education, they would abandon local financial control in favor of a federal funding mechanism that will send dollars directly to students, enabling them to choose public, private, or charter schools. They would also do away with racial preferences and give more favorable tax treatment to charitable contributions that help the poor.

When they turn to the electoral system, Halstead and Lind's chief complaint is that our democracy fails to give voters an adequate range of choices. In support of this view, they rehearse frequently cited polling figures showing that today more than a third of Americans identify themselves as independents and even more as "moderates." They also point to low voter turnout. These are all indicators, they write, of increasing voter alienation.

Their antidote to this alienation is to allow for an "instant runoff" in presidential elections as well as in contests at lower levels of government. In this system, voters would no longer mark their ballots for a single candidate but would rank all candidates in order of preference. In a multi-candidate race in which no contender received an absolute majority, the "second choice" votes (and, if necessary, the third, fourth, or fifth choices) would be automatically distributed to the leader until one person emerged with more than 50 percent of the votes.

In essence, and despite its self-proclaimed radicalism, this book offers less a critique of American society and politics than a detailed agenda for public-policy reform. Most of its various prescriptions are sensible enough, if also open to debate and refinement. Taken as a package, they would almost certainly bring far more flexibility and freedom to American life.

The exception to the general reasonableness can be found in the authors' scheme for reconfiguring the mechanics of elections. Even if we leave aside the question of whether the same voters who found it impossible to operate a punch-card ballot would embrace a system of grading numerous candidates, we must still wonder about the intentional and unintentional effects of such an overhaul.

One likely effect would be to invite many more candidates to put their names on the ballot. Halstead and Lind would no doubt view this as a salutary outcome, in that it would increase the range of choices before voters; but would it really be all to the good? Most of the third-, fourth-, and fifth-party candidates who would crop up would have no realistic expectation of winning. But some of them could make themselves highly influential nonetheless, holding out promises of support for major-party candidates in exchange for concessions in policy and politics.

The results are not difficult to predict. Suddenly, the smoke-filled room and sleazy deal-making of yesteryear would reappear. Had Ralph Nader been credibly able to threaten that his hard-core supporters would not vote for Al Gore as their second choice, his power over the Democratic nominee would have been enormous, perhaps enough to have earned him a major commitment of resources or a guaranteed appointment to a cabinet-level office.

Halstead and Lind do not consider such possibilities; instead, they repeatedly complain that the Republican and Democratic parties are held hostage by their "extreme" wings. But under their alternative arrangements, the large parties would become even more susceptible of manipulation by extremists. The genius of the two-party system that they would jettison is that it diminishes the role of fringe and single-issue parties and forces the leading candi-

Query

JOE LOUIS v. MAX SCHMELING

For a forthcoming book on the Louis-Schmeling heavyweight fights in New York City on June 19, 1936 and June 22, 1938, I am looking for reminiscences, anecdotes, and lore that will help recreate the drama of these events and place them in historical context. I am particularly interested in Jewish, African-American, and German perspectives. Please contact:

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dates to forge broad coalitions. This surely makes for duller politics, which is exactly why our system remains so stable.

HALSTEAD AND Lind's far-fetched electoral proposal does have one advantage—for them. In brief, it enables them to strike an independent pose, and thus to camouflage an otherwise not terribly-well-hidden fact about their platform. This is that their ideas, with only a few exceptions, are far more likely to be embraced by (some) Republicans than by (any) Democrats. To most of the latter, indeed, those ideas are anathema.

Breaking up the public-school monopoly, establishing private individual accounts for retirement, moving health care away from the employer-based system, simplifying the tax code, ending race-based preferences, expanding the role of charities to help the poor—all of these proposals advocated in *The Radical Center* have been part of the intra-Republican debate for nearly two decades. Even the authors' position on gene therapy—permit it only in research for the most serious diseases and birth defects and ban its use for any form of cloning or human enhancement—is remarkably in tune with the tack taken by the Bush administration in approaching stem-cell research.

True, the GOP, with its manifold divisions, has not reached a consensus on all these matters. The establishment of a consumption tax, in particular, is unlikely to become GOP dogma any time soon. But as a matter of political principle and ideology, it is conservatives and Republicans who find these ideas congenial, while the Democratic leadership, most prominently during the last presidential campaign, has vociferously opposed almost everything on the Halstead-Lind agenda. Repositioning and relabeling that agenda by pretending it represents some mythical "radical center" will do nothing to change this overriding reality of our politics.

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Testing Is about Openness and Openness Works

Caroline M. Hoxby is a professor of economics, Harvard University; distinguished visiting ellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's oret Task Force on K–12 Education.

In the past decade, forty-nine of the fifty states have adopted some form of statewide testing, which they are beginning to report in user-friendly "school report cards." Most of the report card programs have no stakes or low stakes, so what purpose do they serve? They create openness and information. They light up schools for the people who are supposed to make informed decisions about schools but who are too often kept in the dark: parents and legislators. The information is imperfect, certainly, but parents and policymakers armed with information can at least start a discussion about school improvement.

How much can one expect from a policy that just *informs,* with few stakes? I initially thought that one could expect only negligible results. It turns out that I was wrong. The states that started their testing programs at the beginning of the last decade did not break achievement records, but they did improve achievement at a significantly faster rate than states that only began testing in the past couple of years.

One can show this with simple calculations based on the National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP)—the only nationally uniform test that is administered to large representative samples of students in each state. State NAEP testing, which began in 1990, is *designed* to help states track their achievement over time. No one "teaches to" the NAEP test because only a sample of students take it and no individual school's NAEP scores get reported.

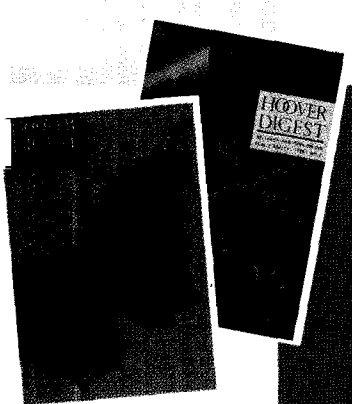
I recorded the first year in which each state began its report card program. (I did not count a state if it conducted tests but kept parents in the dark about school and district results.) States with early school report card programs include Texas, Washington, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, Connecticut, and Wisconsin. States that got on the report card bandwagon only lately include Iowa, Nebraska, Utah, Virginia, and South Carolina.

I looked to see whether states experienced growth in NAEP scores after they began report card systems (compared to states that had not yet begun such systems). I found that nine-year-olds' reading scores improved 0.26 points faster each year after testing began. Thirteen-year-olds' math scores improved 0.28 points faster each year after testing began. (Full results are available at www.economics.harvard.edu.) These gains are not tremendous, but they are statistically significant and do add up over a decade. **At the end of ten years, the nine-year-olds' reading scores would be 2.6 points higher and the thirteen-year-olds' math scores would be 2.8 points higher.**

Statewide standardized tests and school report cards may be unpleasant for ineffectual educators, but they should not be controversial with parents or policymakers who want to see higher achievement. Schools conduct themselves better when their constituents are informed.

— *Caroline M. Hoxby*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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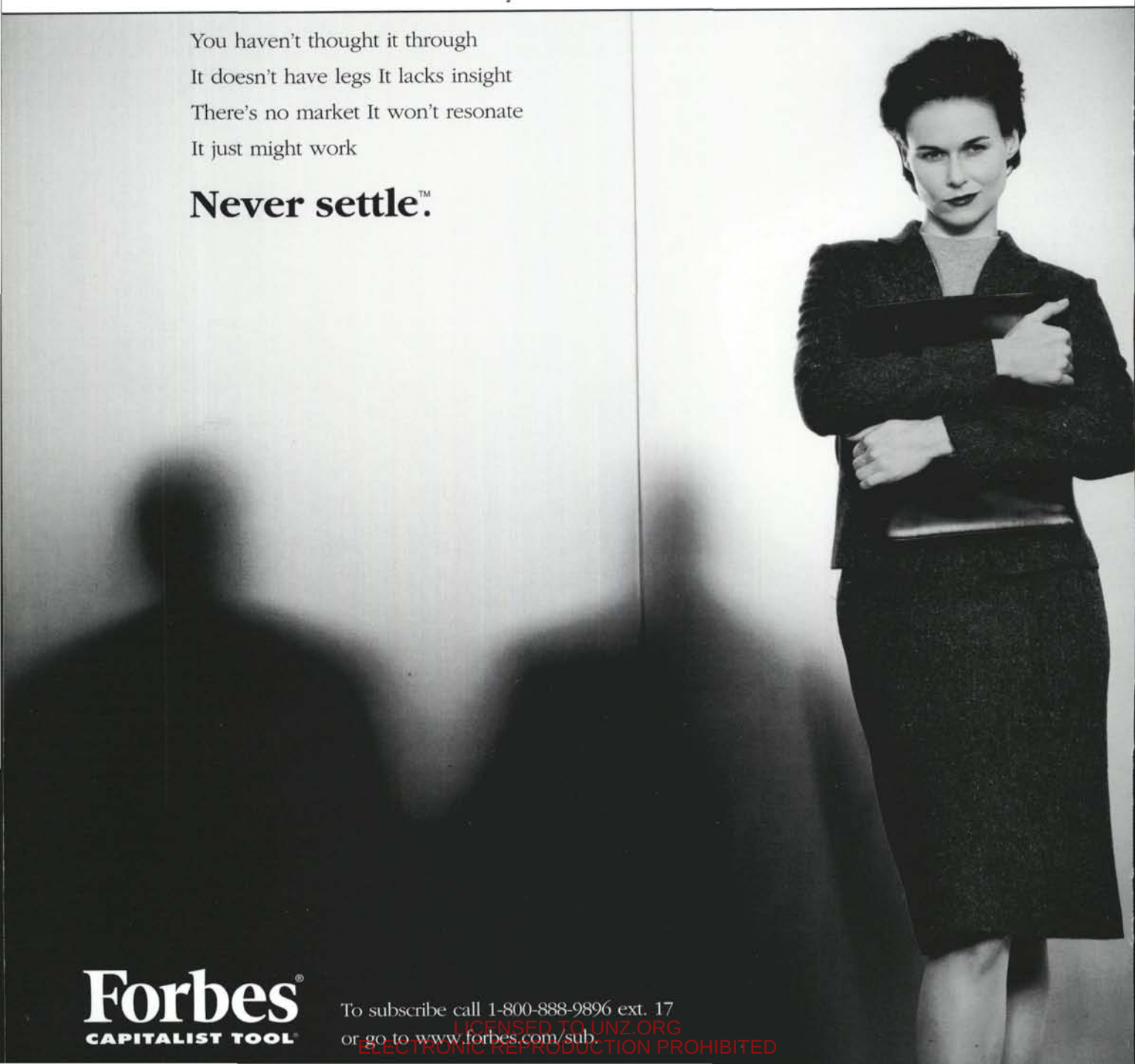

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